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Nunc Arma defunctumo bello Barbiton hic Paries habebit.

## POEMS

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Several Occasions.



LONDON:

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next Grays-Inn Lane. 1709.

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To the Right Honourable

# LIONEL,

EARL of

Dorset and Middlesex.



T looks like no great Compliment to Your Lordship, that I prefix Your Name to this Epistle, when in the Preface I de-

clare the Book is publish'd almost against my Inclination. But in all Cases, My Lord, You have an Hereditary Right to whatever may be call'd Mine. Many of the following Pieces were writ by the Command of Your Excellent Father, and most of the rest, under his Protection and Patronage.

A

The

The particular Felicity of Your Birth, My Lord, the natural Endowments of Your Mind, (which, without suspicion of Flattery, I may tell You are very great,) the good-Education with which these Parts have been improved, and Your coming into the World and feeing Men very early, make us expect from Your Lordship all the Good, which our Hopes can form in Favour of a young Nobleman. Tu Marcellus eris, our Eyes and our Hearts are turned on You; You must be a Judge and Master of all Polite Learning, a Friend and Patron to Men of Letters and Merit, a faithful and able Counsellor to Your Prince, a true Patriot to Your Conntry, an Ornament and Honour to the Titles You posses, and in one Word, a Worthy Son to the Great Earl of Dorfet.

It is as impossible to mention that Name without desiring to Commend the Person, as it is to give him the Commendations which his Virtues deserved. But I assure my self, the most agreeable Compliment I can bring Your Lordship, is to pay a grateful Respect to Your Father's Memory; and my

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### DEDICATION. iii

own Obligations to Him were such, that the World must pardon my Endeavouring at His Character, however I may miscarry in the Attempt.

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A Thousand Ornaments and Graces met in the Composition of this Great Man, and contributed to make Him universally Belov'd and Esteem'd: The Figure of His Body was Strong, Proportionable, Beautiful: and were His Picture well Drawn, it must deserve the Praise given to the Portraits of Raphael, and at once create Love and Respect. While the Greatness of His Mein inform'd Men, they were approaching the Nobleman, the Sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron: There was in His Look and Gesture something, that is easier conceived than described, that gain'd upon You in his Favour, before he spoke one His Behaviour was Easie and Courteous to all, but Distinguished and Adapted to each Man in particular, according to his Station and Quality. His Civility was free from the Formality of Rule, and flowed immediately from his good Sense.

A2

Such

Such were the Natural Faculties and Strength of His Mind, that He had occasion to borrow very little from Education; and he owed those Advantages to His own good Parts, which others acquire by Study and Imitation. His Wit was Abundant, Noble, Bold: Wit in most Writers is like a Fountain in a Garden, supply'd by several Streams brought thro' artful Pipes, and playing fometimes agreeably: But the Earl of Dorset's was a Source rising from the Top of a Mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible Supplies delighted and inriched the Country thro' which it pass'd. This extraordinary Genius was accompany'd with so true a Judgment in all Parts of fine Learning, that whatever Subject was before him, he Discours'd as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his Study had been apply'd that way; And he perfected this Judgment by Reading and Digesting the best Authors, tho' he quoted them very seldom:

Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat: And rather seem'd to draw his Knowledge from his own Stores, than to owe it to any

Foreign Assistance.

The Brightness of his Parts, the Solidity of his Judgment, and the Candour and Generofity of his Temper distinguish'd him in an Age of great Politeness, and at 2 Court abounding with Men of the finest Sense and Learning. The most eminent Masters in their several ways appeal'd to his Determination: Waller thought it an Honour to, confult him in the Softness and Harmony of his Verse; and Dr. Sprat, in the Delicacy and Turn of his Prose: Dryden determines by him, under the Character of Eugenius, as to the Laws of Dramatick Poetry. Butler ow'd it to him that the Court tasted his Hudibras; Wicherly, that the Town liked his Plain Dealer; and the late Duke of Buckingham deferr'd to publish his Rehearfal, 'till he was fure, (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not Rehearse upon him again. If we wanted foreign Testimony, la Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledg'd, that he was a perfect Master in the Beauty and Fineness of their Language, and of all that they call les Belles Lettres: Nor was this Nicety of his Judgmeut confined only to Books and Literature, but was the same in Statu-

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#### vi DEDICATION.

Statuary, Painting, and all other Parts of Art. Bernini would have taken his Opinion upon the Beauty and Attitude of a Figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lilly, that my Lady Cleveland's Picture was finished, 'till it had the Approbation of my

Lord Buckhurft.

As the Judgment which he made of others Writings could not be refuted, the Manner in which he wrote, will hardly ever be equalled: Every one of his Pieces is an Ingot of Gold, intrinsically and solidly Valuable; such as, Wrought or Beat thinner, would shine thro' a whole Book of any other Author. His Thought was always New, and the Expression of it so particularly Happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorfet's; and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a Lustre in his Verses, like that of the Sun in Claude Loraine's Landskips, it looks Natural, and is Inimitable. His Love-Verses have a Mixture of Delicacy and Strength, they convey the Wit of Petronius in the Softness of Tibullus. His Saryr indeed is so severely Pointed, that in it He appears what

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#### DEDICATION. vii

what his Great Friend, the Earl of Rochester, (that other Prodigy of the Age) says he was;

The best good Man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

Yet even here that Character may justly be Applied to him, which Persius gives of the best Writer in this Kind, that ever lived.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.

And the Gentleman had always so much the better of the Satyrist, that the Persons touched did not know where to fix their Resentments, and were forced to appear rather Assamed than Angry. Yet so far was this great Author from Valuing himself upon his Works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many Things of His not Extant in Writing, which however are always repeated: like the Verses and Sayings of the Antient Druids, they retain a universal Veneration, tho' they are preserved only by Memory.

Are

#### viii DEDICATION.

As it is often seen, that those Men who are least Qualified for Business, love it most; my Lord Dorset's Character was, that He certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very Young to the Possession of two Plentiful Estates, and in an Age when Pleasure was more in Fashion than Business, he turned his Parts rather to Books and Conversation, than to Politicks, and what more immediately related to the Public: But whenever the Safety of his Country demanded his Assistance, He readily entred into the most Active Parts of Life, and underwent the greatest Dangers with a Constancy of Mind, which shewed, that he had not only read the Rules of Philosophy, but understood the Practice of them.

In the first Dutch War he went a Voluntier under the Duke of York; His Behaviour, during that Campaigne, was such as distinguish'd the Sacville descended from that Hildebrand of the Name, who was one of the greatest Captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a Song the Night before the Engagement (and it

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was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a Presence of Mind, and such an unusual Gallantry, that it deserves as much to be Recorded, as Alexander's jesting with his Soldiers, before he passed the Granicus; or William the First of Orange, giving Order over Night for a Bartel, and desiring to be called in the Morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

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From hence during the remaining part of King Charles's Reign, he continued to live in Honourable Leisure: He was of the Bedchamber to the King, and Possessed, not only his Master's Favour, but in a great Degree his Familiarity; never leaving the Court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short Commissions and Embasses of Complement: as if the King designed to show the French, who would be thought the politest Nation, that one of the sinest Gentlemen in Europe was his Subject; and that we had a Prince who understood his Worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his Presence.

The succeeding Reign neither relish'd my Lord's Wit, nor approved his Maxims, so

he

he retired altogether from Court. the irretrievable Mistakes of that unhappy Government went on to Threaten the Nation with something more Terrible than a Dutch War, he thought it became him to resume the Courage of his Youth, and once more to Engage Himself in defending the Liberty of His Country. He entred into the Prince of Orange's Interest, and carried on his Part of that great Enterprise here in London, and under the Eye of the Court, with the same Resolution, as his Friend and Fellow Patriot the late Duke of Devonshire did in open Arms at Nottingham; 'till the Dangers of those Times increased to Extremity, and just Apprehensions arose for the Safety of the Princess, our present Glorious Queen; then my Lord Dorset was thought the properest Guide of Her necessary Flight, and the Person under whose Courage and Direction the Nation might most safely Trust a Charge fo Precious and Important.

After the Establishment of their late Majesties upon the Throne, there was Room again at Court for Men of my Lord's Character. He had a Part in the Councils of

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those Princes, a great Share in their Friendship, and all the Marks of Distinction, with which a good Government could reward a Patriot: He was made Chamberlain of their Majessies Houshold, a Place which he so eminently Adorn'd, by the Grace of his Person, the Fineness of his Breeding, and the Knowledge and Practice of what was Decent and Magnificent, that he could only be Rivalled in these Qualifications by one great Man, who has since held the same Staff.

The last Honours he received from his Soveraign, and indeed they were the Greatest a Subject could receive, were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the Regents of the Kingdom during his Majesty's Absence. But his Health about that time sensibly Declining, and the Public Affairs not Threatned by any Imminent Danger, he left the Business to those who delighted more in the State of it, and appeared only sometimes at Council, to show his Respect to the Commission; giving as much Leisure as he could to the Reliet of those Pains, with which it pleased God to Afflict him, and Indulging the Reslexions

of

#### xii DEDICATION.

of a Mind, that had looked thro' the World with too piercing an Eye, and was grown weary of the Prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this Great Man, with Regard to the Public, that, thro' the Course of his Life, he Acted like an able Pilot in a long Voyage; contented to sit Quiet in the Cabin, when the Winds were allayed, and the Waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the Helm, when the Storm arose, and the Sea grew Tumultuous.

I ask Your Pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorfet's Character; if I examine it not without some Intention of finding Fault; and, (which is an odd way of making a Panegyric) set his Blemishes and Impersections in open View.

The Fire of his Youth carried him to some Excesses, but they were accompanied with a most lively Invention, and true Humour: The little Violences and easie Mistakes of a Night too gaily spent (and that too in the Beginning of Life) were always set Right the next Day, with great Humanity, and ample Retri-

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### DEDICATION. xiii

Retribution. His Faults brought their Excuse with them, and his very Failings had their Beauties; so much Sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great Generosity what he did, that People were always preposses d in his Favour; and it was in Fact true, what the late Earl of Rochester said in Jest to King Charles, That he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to Blame.

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He was naturally very subject to Passion, but the short Gust was soon over, and served only to set off the Charms of his Temper, when more Compos'd: That very Passion broke out with a Force of Wit, that made even Anger agreeable: While it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand Things, which other Men would have been glad to have studied and writ; but the Impetuosity was Corrected upon a Moment's Resection, and the Measure altered with such Grace and Delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the Key was Changed.

He was very Sharp in his Reflections, but never in the wrong place; his Darts were fure to wound, but they were fure too to

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#### xiv DEDICATION.

hit None but those whose Follies gave them very fair Aim; and when he allowed no Quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common Error: By Mens tedious and circumstantial Recitals of their Assairs, or by their multiply'd Questions about his own: By extreme Ignorance and Impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill-judg'd and never-ceasing Civility; or lastly, by the two Things that were his utter Aversion, the Insinuation of a Flatterer, and the Whisper of a Tale-bearer.

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If therefore we set the Piece in its work Position, if its Faults be most exposed, the Shades will still appear very finely join'd with their Lights, and every Impersection will be diminished by the Lustre of some Neighb'ring Virtue: But if we turn the great Drawings and wonderful Colourings to the true Light, the whole must appear Beautiful, Noble, Admirable.

He possessed all those Virtues in the high est Degree, upon which the Pleasure of So ciety, and the Happiness of Life depend and he exercised them with the greatest De cency and best Manners. As good Natur

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#### DEDICATION. XV

is said, by a great \* Author, to belong more particularly to the \*Sprat. Hist. of the Royal Society.

English than any other Nation; it may again be said, that it belonged more

particularly to the late Earl of Dorset, than

to any other English Man.

ness, and an indulgent Father without Partiality: So extraordinary good a Master, that that Quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his Defects: For he was often worse served than became his Station, from his Unwillingness to assume an Authority too Severe. And during those little Transports of Passion, to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his Servants get into his way, that they might make a Merit of it immediately after; for he that had the good Fortune to be Chid, was sure of being Rewarded for it.

His Table was one of the last that gave Us an Example of the Old House-keeping of an English Nobleman. A Freedom reigned at it, that made every one of his Guests think Himself at Home; and an Abundance, which showed that the Master's Hospitality extended

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#### xvi DEDICATION.

to many more, than those who had the Honour to fit at Table with him.

In his Dealings with other Men, his Care and Exactness, that every one should have his Due, was fuch, that one would think he had never seen a Court: The Politeness and Civility with which this Justice was administred, would convince one he never had lived out of it.

He was so strict an Observer of his Word, that no Consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the Merit of his Act should arise from that Obligation only, that he usually did the greatest Favours without making any previous Promise. So inviolable was he in his Friendship, and so kind to the Character of those, whom he had once Honoured with a more intimate Acquaintance, that nothing less than a Demonstration of some Essential Fault, could make him break with them; and then too, his good Nature did not consent to it, without the greatest Reluctance and Difficulty. Let me give one Instance of this amongst many: When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's Pension from Mr. Dryden,

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#### DEDICATION. xvii

Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a Possibility of Receiving any Favour from the Court, my Lord allowed him an Equivalent out of his own Estate: However displeased with the Conduct of his old Acquaintance, he relieved his Necessities; and while he gave him his Assistance in Private, in Publick he extenuated or pitied his Error.

The Foundation indeed of these Excellent Qualities, and the Persection of my Lord Dorset's Character, was, that unbounded Charity which ran through the whole Tenour of his Life, and sat as visibly Predominant over the other Faculties of his Soul, as she is said to do in Heaven above Her Sister Virtues.

Crouds of Poor daily thronged his Gates, expecting thence their Bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most worthy Objects of His Bounty to Apprentiships or Hospitals: The Lazar and the Sick, as He accidentally saw them, were sent from the Street to the Physician, and many of them not only restored to Health, but supplied with what might enable them to

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#### xviii DEDICATION.

refume their former Callings, and make their future Life happy: The Prisoner has often been released by my Lord's paying the Debt, and the Condemned has been faved by his Intercession with the Sovereign, where he thought the Letter of the Law too rigid. To those whose Circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their Poverty, He knew how to bestow his Munificence, without offending their Modesty; and under the Notion of frequent Presents, gave them what amounted to a Subsistance: Many yet alive know this to be true, tho' he told it to none, nor ever was more uneafy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus, and Gallus; the Noblemen that writ Poetry: Augustus and Macenas; the Protectors of Learning: Aristides, the good Citizen; and Atticus, the well bred Friend: and bring them in as Examples of my Lord Derset's Wit, his Judgment, his Justice and his Civility. But for his Charity, My Lord, we can scarce find a Parallel in History it self.

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#### DEDICATION. xix

Titus was not more the Delicie Humani generis, on this Account, than my Lord Dorset was: And without any exageration, that Prince did not do more good in Proportion out of the Revenue of the Roman Empire, than your Father out of the Income of a private Estate; Let this, my Lord, remain to You and Your Posterity a Possession for ever: To be imitated, and if possible to be Excelled.

As to my own Particular, I scarce knew what Life was, sooner than I found my self obliged to his Favour, nor have had Reason to feel any Sorrow, so sensibly as that of

His Death.

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Ille dies—quem semper acerbum Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebo.

Ameas could not reflect upon the loss of His own Father with greater Piety, my Lord, than I must recall the Memory of Yours; and when I think whose Son I am writing to, the least I promise my self from Your Goodness is an uninterrupted Continuance of Favour, and a Friendship for Life;

itus

#### XX DEDICATION.

Intitle my self, I send Your Lordship a Dedication, not filled with a long Detail of Your Praises, but with my sincerest Wishes that You may Deserve them. That You may Imploy those extraordinary Parts and Abilities with which Heaven has blessed You, to the Honour of Your Family, the Benefit of Your Friends, and the Good of Your Country; that all Your Actions may be Great, Open and Noble, such as may tell the World whose Son and whose Successor You are.

What I now offer to Your Lordship is a Collection of Poetry, a kind of Garland of good Will: If any Verses of my Writing should appear in Print, under another Name and Patronage, than that of an Earl of Dorset, People might suspect them not to be Genuine. I have attained my present End, if these Poems prove the Diversion of some of Your Youthful Hours, as they have been occasionally the Amusement of some of Mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller Sheaf, and lay some Pieces of a very dif-

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#### DEDICATION. xxi

different Nature (the Product of my severer Studies) at Your Lordship's Feet, I shall engage Your more serious Reslection: Happy, if in all my Endeavours I may contribute to Your Delight, or to Your Instruction. I am, with all Duty and Respect,

#### MY LORD,

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Your Lordship's

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

MAT. PRIOR.

DEDICATIONXX

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# PREFACE.

PREFACE

HE greatest Part of what I have Writ having already been Published, either singly or else in some of the Miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any Excuse for appearing in Print. But a Collection of Poems has lately appeared under my Name, the without my Knowledge, in which the Publisher has given me the Honour of Some Things that did not belong to me, and has Transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own Defence, to look back upon some of those lighter Studies, which I ought long fince to have quitted, and to Publish an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worse.

Thus I beg Pardon of the Publick for Reprinting some Pieces, which as they came singly from their sirst Impression, have, I fancy, lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's Shop;

### xxiv PREFACE.

and with others which were never before Printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a Corner of my own Study.

The Reader as he turns them over, will, I hope, make Allowance for their having been writ at very distant Times, and on very disferent Occasions, and take them as they happen to come, Publick Panegyrics, Amorous Odes, Serious Reslexions, or Idle Tales, the Product of his leisure Hours, who had commonly Business enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.

I take this Occasion to thank my good Friend and School-fellow, Mr. Dibben, for his excellent Version of the Carmen Seculare, tho' my Gratitude may justly carry a little Envy with it; for I believe the most accurate Judges will find the Translation exceed the Original.

To

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I must likewise own my self obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to Print a Pastoral of her Writing; That Poem having produced the Verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other Pieces of that kind, in which the Softness of her Sex, and the Fineness of her Genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing Character.

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# POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

ON

### EXODUS III. 14.

I am that I am.

An ODE.

Written in 1688, as an Exercise at St. John's College, Cambridge.

Lour Double teleford to all sport

AN! foolish Man! [began, Scarce know'st thou how thy self Scarce hast thou Thought enough to prove Thou art, Yet steel'd with study'd Boldness, thou dar'st try To send thy doubting Reason's dazled Eye

Through the mysterious Gulph of vast Immensity.

B

Much

#### Poems on several Occasions.

Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.

Vain Wretch! suppress thy knowing Pride,

Mortifie thy learned Luft;

2

Vain are thy Thoughts, while thou thy felf art Duft

II.

Let Wit her Sails, her Oars let Wisdom lend, The Helm let politick Experience guide; Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd Bark shall ride Down spreading Fate's unnavigable Tide.

What tho' still it farther tend?

Still 'tis farther from its End;

And in the Bosom of that boundless Sea

Still finds its Error lengthen with its Way.

#### III.

With daring Pride and insolent Delight
Your Doubts resolv'd you boast, your Labours crown'd
And, "Evenza! your God, for sooth, is found
Incomprehensible and Infinite.
But is he therefore found? Vain Searcher! no:
Let your impersect Desinition show,

That nothing you, the weak Definer, know.

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#### Why does each an.VI at Star

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Say, why shou'd the collected Main
It self within it self contain?
Why to its Caverns shou'd it sometimes creep,
And with delighted Silence sleep
On the lov'd Bosom of its Parent Deep?
Why shou'd its num'rous Waters stay
In comely Discipline, and fair Array,
Till Winds and Tides exert their high Command?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising Surges spread
Their op'ning Ranks o'er Earth's submissive Head,
Marching through different Paths to different
[Lands?

Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd Steps his radiant Journeys run?
Why does he order the Diurnal Hours
To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
Commanding her with delegated Pow'rs
To beautiste the World, and bless the Night?

B. 2. Why

#### Poems on several Occasions.

Why does each animated Star

Love the just Limits of its proper Sphere?

Why does each consenting Sign

With prudent Harmony combine

In Turns to move, and subsequent appear,

To gird the Globe, and regulate the Year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous Curiofity
These unsathom'd Wonders try:
With fancy'd Rules and Arbitrary Laws
Matter and Motion he restrains,
And study'd Lines and sictious Circles draws;
Then with imagin'd Soveraignty
Lord of his new Hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns: How long? 'till some Usurper rise,
And he too, mighty Thoughtful, mighty Wise,
Studies new Lines, and other Circles seigns.
From this last Toil again what Knowledge slows
Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his Predecessors Rules
Were empty Cant, all Fargon of the Schools;

That he on t'other's Ruin rears his Throne; Town

And shows his Friend's Mistake, and thence confirmshi

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#### To trembling Caldania ally hid Tops a

On Earth, in Air, amidst the Seas and Skies, Mountainous Heaps of Wonders rife; Whose tow'ring Strength will ne'er submit To Reason's Batteries, or the Mines of Wit: Yet still enquiring, still mistaking Man, Each Hour repuls'd, each Hour dare onward press, And levelling at God his wandring Guess. (That feeble Engine of his reasoning War. Which guides his Doubts, and combats his Despair,) Laws to his Maker the learn'd Wretch can give: Can bound that Nature, and prescribe that Will, Whose pregnant Word did either Ocean fill, Can tell us whence all Beings are, and how they move,

and live.

Thro' either Ocean, foolish Man! That pregnant Word fent forth again Might to a World extend each Atom there; or every Drop call forth a Sea, a Heav'n for every Star. With all their Contains. IIIV

Let cunning Earth her fruitful Wonders hide, And only lift thy staggering Reason up

B 3 To

lows

ife,

ife,

S; [own msh To trembling Calvary's aftonish'd Top;

Then mock thy Knowledge, and confound thy Sustaining how Perfection suffer'd Pain,

Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd:

How by her Patient Victor Death was slain,

And Earth prophan'd yet bless'd with Deicide.

Then down with all thy boasted Volumes, down,

Only reserve the Sacred One;

Only referve the Sacred One;

Low, reverently low,

Make thy stubborn Knowledge bow;
Weep out thy Reason's, and thy Body's Eyes,
Deject thy self, that Thou may'st rise;
To look to Heav'n be blind to all below.

Cantell us whence all fire. XI was and how they and ve

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ThenFaith, for Reason's glimmering Light, shall give
Her Immortal Perspective;
And Grace's Presence Nature's Loss retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd Soul shall see,
That all the Volumes of Philosophy,
With all their Comments never cou'd invent
So politick an Instrument,
To reach the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the high Abode,
Where Moses places his Mysterious God,

As

As was that Ladder which old Jacob rear'd, When Light Divine had human Darkness clear'd, And his enlarg'd Ideas found the Road, Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

#### That as in Birch, THE OTHE

And Complete Vest Leons Front Front Land

### Countess of EXETER

## Playing on the Lute.

HAT Charms you have, from what high Race you fprung, Have been the pleasing Subjects of my Song; Unskill'd and young, yet fomething still I writ, Of Ca'ndish, Beauty join'd to Cecil's Wit. Wall W. But when you please to show the lab'ring Muse What greater Theam your Musick can produce; My babling Praises I repeat no more, But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The Persians thus, first gazing on the Sun, Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone; andW-

B 4

That with your Numbers you our Zeal

But,

As

de,

C .

910

But, as his Pow'r was known, their Thoughtswere rais'd, And foon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.

And his colors'd Block Joned the Roads

Eliza's Glory lives in Spencer's Song,

And Cowley's Verse keeps Fair Orinda young:

That as in Birth, in Beauty you excell,

The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell;

Your Art no other Art can speak, and You,

To shew how well you play, must play anew:

Your Musick's Pow'r your Musick must disclose,

For what Light is, 'tis only Light that shows.

Strange Force of Harmony, that thus controuls

Our Thoughts, and turns and fanctifies our Souls:

While with its utmost Art your Sex cou'd move

Our Wonder only, or at best our Love:

You far above Both these your God did place,

That your high Pow'r might worldly Thoughts

destroy,

[raise,]

That with your Numbers you our Zeal might

And, like himself, communicate your Joy.

Admit'd boor high 'twas plac'd, how bright wood b'timb's

Metallic Commence & A Renderious Cont.

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When to your Native Heav'n you shall repair, And with your Presence crown the Blessings there, Your Lute may wind its Strings but little higher, To tune their Notes to that immortal Quire.

Your Art is perfect here, your Numbers do

More than our Books, make the rude Atheist know,

That there's a Heav'n, by what he hears below.

Thine, like Amphion's Hand had wak'd the Stone,

As in some Piece, while Luke his Skill exprest,
A cunning Angel came, and drew the rest:
So, when you play, some Godhead does impart
Harmonious Aid, Divinity helps Art;
Some Cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a Miracle improves a Tune.

To burning Rome when frantick Nero play'd,
Viewing that Face, no more he had furvey'd
The reigning Flames, but struck with strange Surprize,
Confest them less than those of Anna's Eyes.
But, had he heard thy Lute, he soon had found
His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd;

Thine,

.onidT

Thine, like Amphion's Hand had wak'd the Stone,
And from Destruction call'd the rising Town;
Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,
Nor could he Burn so fast as thou coud'st Build.

# An O D E.

To tune their Notes to that immouth

our Art is perfect here, your Numbers

I. (Delight
WHILE Blooming Youth, and gay
Sit on thy rosey Cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted Right
To triumph o'er this destin'd Breast.

My Reason bends to what thy Eyes ordain;
For I was born to Love, and thou to Reign.

II.

But wou'd you meanly thus rely

On Power, you know I must Obey:

Exert a Legal Tyranny,

And do an Ill, because you may?

Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore,

Not see thy Mercy, and but dread thy Power?

III. Take

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Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon must those Glories of thy Face,
The Fate of Vulgar Beauty find:
The Thousand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

#### IV.

Then wilt thou figh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevifh Humours on
Seems but the fad Effect of Years:
Kindness it self too weak a Charm will prove,
To raise the seeble Fires of aged Love.

#### TIV.

Forc'd Compliments, and Formal Bows,

Will show Thee just above Neglect:

The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,

Will settle into cold Respect:

A talking dull Platonick I shall turn;

Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

VI. Then

IVI. and work do the Stone;

Then shun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindness and Constancy will prove
The only Pillars sit to bear
So vast a Weight, as that of Love.

If thou canst wish to make my Flames endure,
Thine must be very sierce, and very pure.

VII.

Hafte, Celia, hafte, while Youth invites,

Obey kind Cupid's prefent Voice;

Fill ev'ry Senfe with foft Delights,

And give thy Soul a Loofe to Joys:

Let Millions of repeated Bliffes prove,

VIII.

That thou all Kindness art, and I all Love.

Be mine, and only mine; take care, guide
Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to
To me alone; nor come fo far,
As liking any Youth befide:
What Men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted Eve.

IX. So

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Th To For if his Holipets grani.XI mem was a see

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,

When Beauty ceases to engage;

So thinking on thy charming Youth,

I'll love it o'er again in Age.

So Time it felf our Raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to Joy, and live to Love.

### Which Tries of State, N. A fiely malaring

a will for Rhime. Is but been the r

sail out and times to Griller a Richard

# EPISTLE

Has much lefs need of OT, then be.

### FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Efq;

Burghley, May 14, 1689.

SIR, and roberto Derey of the long I would

ide

to

So

A Sonce a Twelvemonth to the Priest,

Holy at Rome, here Antichrist,

The Spanish King presents a Jennet,

To show his Love; — That's all that's in it:

For

For if his Holiness wou'd thump
His reverend Bum 'gainst Horse's Rump,
He might b' equipt from his own Stable,
With one more White, and eke more Able.

Or as with Gondola's and Men, His
Good Excellence, the Duke of Venice
(I wish for Rhime, 't had been the King)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
Which Trick of State, he wisely maintains,
Keeps Kindness up 'twixt old Acquaintance;
For else, in honest Truth, the Sea
Has much less need of Gold, than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's Fancy,
For Popish Similies beyond Sea;
As Folks from Mud-wall'd Tenement,
Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent;
Present a Turky, or a Hen,
To those might better spare them Ten:
Ev'n so, with all Submission, I
(For first Men instance, then apply)

Send

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Heace, when Angionally discourses

Send you each Year a homely Letter,
Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,

To pay Respect, and not show Wit:

Nor look askew, at what it faith;

There's no Petition in it,—'Faith.

Here some wou'd scratch their Heads, and try
What they shou'd write, and how, and why;
But I conceive, such Folks are quite in
Mistakes, in Theory of Writing.
If once for Principle 'tis laid,
That Thought is Trouble to the Head.
I argue thus: The World agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with ease:
Then he, by Sequel Logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.

Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light,
Meer human Pains can ne'er come by't:

Send

The God makes not the Peet, but

And means, The Poet makes the God.

011

The God, not we, the Poem makes;
We only tell Folks what he speaks.
Hence, when Anatomists discourse,
How like Brutes Organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher Powers think sit,
A Bear might soon be made a Wit;
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.

Memnon, tho' Stone, was counted vocal,
But 'twas the God, mean while, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
With prompting Priest behind the Hanging:
The Wooden-Head resolv'd the Question,
While You and Pettis help the Jest on.

Here long would franch their Heads, and my

That he writes well, who writes with cald:

Your crabbed Rogues, that read Lucretius,

Are against Gods, you know, and teach us,

The God makes not the Poet, but

The Thesis vice-versa put,

Shou'd Hebrew-wise be understood:

And means, The Poet makes the God.

**Egyptian** 

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Egyptian Gard'ners thus are faid to
Have fet the Leeks, they after pray'd to;
And Romish Bakers praise the Deity,
They chipp'd, while yet in it's Paniety.

217

tian

That when you Poets swear and cry,
The God inspires, I rave, I die;
If inward Wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the Colick in your Belly.
That Writing is but just like Dice,
And lucky Mains make People wise;
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall well as Dryden form a Poem;
Or make a Speech, correct and witty,
As you know who,—at the Committee.

So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge, made all Things at a Venture.

But granting Matters shou'd be spoke,
By Method, rather than by Luck;

C

or que word entenon'l' but

This

This may confine their younger Stiles, Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's: But never cou'd be meant to tye Authentic Wits, like you and I: For as young Children, who are try'd in Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from fliding, When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger, Make use of such Machine no longer; But leap pro Libitu, and scout On Horse call'd Hobby, or without: So when at School we first declaim, Old Busbey walks us in a Theme, Whose Props support our Infant Vein, And help the Rickets in the Brain; But when our Souls their Force dilate, And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate, In Verse or Prose, we write or chat, Not fix Pence Matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an Author fays; But 'tis how much, that gathers Praise;

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T—n, who is himself a Wit,

Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.

Thus each should down with all he thinks,

As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see you,
I hope y'are well, so God be wi' you;
Was all, I thought at first to write:
But Things, since then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muse slies high:
So God knows when my Clack will lye:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore;
And beg your Pardon, yet this half Hour.

So at pure Barn of loud Non-Con,
Where with my Granam I have gone,
When Lobb had fifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain Cant before.

For your Religion, first, of Her
Your Friends do sav'ry Things aver;
They say, she's honest, as your Claret,
Not sowr'd with Cant, nor stum'd with Merit:
Your Chamber is the sole Retreat
Of Chaplains ev'ry Sunday Night;
Of Grace, no doubt, a certain Sign,
When Lay-Man herds with Man Divine.
For if their Fame be justly great,
Who wou'd no Popish Nuncio treat:
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Protestant.
One single Positive weighs more,
You know, than Negatives a Score.

In Politicks, I hear, you're stanch,
Directly bent against the French;
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a Wooden Shoe:
Are in no Plots, but fairly drive at
The Publick Welfare, in your Private:

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#### Poems on Several Occasions.

21

And will, for England's Glory, try,

Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy;

And keep your Places, 'till you die.

For me, whom wandring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and You,
Let me just tell you, how my Time is
Past in a Country-Life. — Imprimis;
As soon as Phæbus Rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfast;
So on, 'till 'foresaid God does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat:
Thus, of your Heroes and brave Boys,
With whom old Homer makes such Noise;
The greatest Actions I can find,
Are, that they did their Work, and din'd.

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such, as you have whilom con'd;
That treat of China's Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in Golconda,
Of Highway-Elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in Clanns, like Men o'th' Highland;

BOLF

Of Apes, that storm, or keep a Town,
As well almost, as Count Lauzune;
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other stranger Matters.
Which, tho' they're Things I've no Concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.

Criticks I read on other Men,

And Hypers upon them again;

From whose Remarks I give Opinion

On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your Wits, that flear and fham,

Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram,

From whom I Jests and Punns purloin,

And slyly put 'em off for mine:

Fond to be thought a Country Wit:

The Rest,—when Fate and You think sit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her To Bottl'd Ale, and neighbouring Vicar;

Some-

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the big sample bitter reside A few ealers that

Sometimes at Stamford take a Quart,
'Squire Shephard's Health—With all my Heart.

Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an idle Life;
'Till Shadwell from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Seacoal-Fires,)
To blefs the Wood with peaceful Lyric;
Then hey for Praife and Panegyric;
Juffice reftor'd, and Nations freed;
And Wreaths round William's glorious Head.

#### TO THE

### Countess of DORSET.

Written in her Milton.

#### By Mr. BRADBURT.

SEE here how bright the first-born Virgin shone,
And how the first fond Lover was undone.
Such charming Words our beauteous Mother spoke
As Milton wrote, and such as yours her Look.

C 4

Yours,

Some

Yours, the best Copy of th' Original Face,
Whose Beauty was to furnish all the Race:
Such Chains no Author cou'd escape but He,
There's no Way to be safe, but not to see.

#### TO THE

### LADY DURSLET,

On the same Subject.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by Sin Eve's blafted Charms decay'd;
Our common Loss unjustly you complain;
So small that Part of it which you sustain.

You still, fair Mother, in your Offspring trace
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for the Race:
Kind Nature forming them, the Pattern took
From Heav'n's first Work, and Eve's Original Look.

You, happy Saint, the Serpent's Pow'r controul, Scarce any actual Guilt defiles your Soul:

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And Hell does o'er that Mind vain Triumph boaft, Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly Eden loft.

With Virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd, In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd: Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought; Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

Or treathle for thy D O T Face

### My Lord BUCKHURST,

Very Young, and and the world

Playing with a C A T.

THE am'rous Youth, whose tender Breast Was by his darling Cat possess,

Obtain'd of Venus his Desire,

Howe'er irregular his Fire:

Nature the Pow'r of Love obey'd,

The Cat became a blushing Maid;

And

And on the happy Change, the Boy Imploy'd his Wonder, and his Joy.

Take care, O beauteous Child, take care

Left thou prefer fo rash a Pray'r:

Nor vainly hope the Queen of Love

Will e'er thy Fav'rite's Charms improve.

O quickly from her Shrine retreat,

Or tremble for thy Darling's Fate.

The Queen of Love, who foon will fee Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her first Loss deplore;
Will easily forgive the Boar:
Her Eyes with Tears no more will flow,
With jealous Rage her Breast will glow,
And on her tabby Rival's Face,
She deep will mark her new Disgrace,

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# An ODE

[guess]

While from our Looks, fair Nymph, you
The fecret Passions of our Mind;
My heavy Eyes, you say, confess
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

And when Divorce on the Main

There needs, alas! but little Art,

To have this fatal Secret found:

With the same Ease you threw the Dart,

'Tis certain you may show the Wound.

How can I fee you, and not love,
While you as op'ning East are fair?
While cold as Nothern Blasts you prove,
How can I love and not despair?

The Wretch in double Fetters bound
Your potent Mercy may release:
Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
Fair Prophetess, my Grief would cease.

An

A

### A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover,
You wish fair Winds may wast him over.
Alas, what Winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas, what Dangers on the Main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted Vows, and cold Disdain?

With the Concession was concession of French

Bas-Wretch in double Fetters bound

Your potent Mency may releafe:

Lair Propherers, my Crief woold or for

Be gentle, and in Pity choose
To wish the wildest Tempests loose;
That thrown again upon the Coast,
Where sirst my Shipwrackt Heart was lost;
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain,
Of slighted Vows, and cold Disdain.

THE THE LOVE OUR COCCURE COURSE

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To the Honourable

### CHARLES MONTAGUE, Efq;

I.

HOW e'er, 'tis well, that while Mankind Thro' Fate's Perverse Maander errs,
He can imagin'd Pleasures find,
To combat against real Cares.

II.

Fancies and Notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had Being but in Thought;
Each, like the Gracian Artist, woo's
The Image he himself has wrought.

Andgeno and III.

Against Experience he believes,

He argues against Demonstration;

Pleas'd, when his Reason he deceives,

And sets his Judgment by his Passion.

IV.

The hoary Fool, who, many Days, Has struggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,

IE

Renews

Renews his Hope, and blindly lays

The desp'rate Bett upon to Morrow.

V

To Morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night;
This Day like all the former flies:

Yet on he runs, to feek Delight

To Morrow, 'till to Night he dies.

VI.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim

At Objects in an airy height:

The little Pleasure of the Game,

Is from afar to view the Flight.

VII.

Our anxious Pains we, all the Day,
In fearch of what we like, employ:

Scorning at Night the worthless Prey;
We find the Labour gave the Joy.

VIII.

At distance thro' an artful Glass

To the Mind's Eye things well appear:

They lose their Forms, and make a Mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

Renews

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#### IX.

If we see right, we see our Woes;

Then what avails it to have Eyes?

From Ignorance our Comfort flows,

And Sorrow from our being wife.

#### X.

We weary'd should lye down in Death;
This Cheat of Life would take no more:

If You thought Fame but empty Breath;
I, Phillis but a perjur'd Whore.

Written in the BOOK called

Nouveaux Interêts des Princes de l'Europe.

B Lest be the Princes, who have sought
For pompous Names, or wide Dominion;
Since by their Error we are taught,
That Happiness is but Opinion.

D

ADRI-

### ADRIANI MORIENTIS

Then what avails of Anare Eyes

# Animam Suam.

A Nimula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, Comesque Corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

### By Monsieur Fontenelle.

A petite Ame, ma Mignonne, [tu vas;
Tu t'en vas donc, ma Fille, & Dieu scacheoù
Tu pars seulette, nuë & tremblotante, Helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ebats?

IMI-

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### IMITATED.

POOR little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly
Lyes all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

tyri stom on bre T. O

### Dr. SHERLOCK,

ON

# His Practical Discourse Concerning DEATH.

Porgive the Muse, who in unhallow'd Strains
The Saint one Moment from his God detains:

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M 1.

For fure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,
'Tis all but one good Work, one constant Pray'r.
Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd Vows with kind Acceptance come,
To raise her Notes to that sublime Degree
That suits a Song of Piety and Thee.

Wondrous good Man! whose Labours may repel The Force of Sin, may stop the Rage of Hell: Who, like the *Baptist*, from thy God wert sent The crying Voice, to bid the World repent.

Thee, Youth shall study; and no more engage His slatt'ring Wishes for uncertain Age; No more, with fruitless Care, and cheated Strife, Chace sleeting Pleasure through this Maze of Life; Finding the wretched All He here can have But present Food, and but a future Grave; Each, great as Philip's Victor Son, shall view This abject World, and weeping, ask a New.

Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess, Thy Labours can asswage, where Med'cines cease:

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Shall bless thy Words, their wounded Souls Relief;
The Drops that sweeten their last Dregs of Life;
Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath;
Own Riches gather'd Trouble; Fame, a Breath;
And Life an Ill, whose only Cure is Death.

Ol fave usefull, fill biefs us mich the Sping

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ife;

ease:

Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,
Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know;
Yet to such height is all that Plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught:
Easie in Words thy Style, in Sense sublime,
On its blest Steps each Age and Sex may rise,
Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
Its foot on Earth, its height beyond the Skies.

Diffus'd its Virtue, boundless is its Pow'r,
Tis Publick Health, and Universal Cure:
Of Heav'nly Manna 'tis a second Feast,
A Nation's Food, and All to ev'ry Tast.

To its last height mad Britain's Guilt was rear'd, And various Death for various Crimes she fear'd;

D 3

As thy own Fame among the future fulls,

With

With your kind Work her drooping Hopes revive,
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live.
You wrest the Bolt from Heav'n's avenging Hand,
Stop ready Death, and save a finking Land.

O! fave us still, still bless us with thy Stay,
O! want thy Heav'n, 'till we have learnt the Way;
Refuse to leave thy destin'd Charge too soon,
And for the Church's good, defer thy own:
O! live, and let thy Works urge our Belief;
Live, to explain thy Doctrine by thy Life;
'Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety;
'Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full Age, and hoary Holiness
Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd Bliss:
Untouch'd thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy Dust,
As thy own Fame among the future Just;
'Till in last Sounds the dreaded Trumpet speaks,
'Till Judgment calls, and quickned Nature wakes;

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Till, through the utmost Earth, and deepest Sea Our scatter'd Atoms find their destin'd way; In haste to cloath their Kindred Souls again, Perfect our State, and build immortal Man: Then fearless, Thou, who well suffain'dst the Fight, To Paths of Joy, and Tracts of endless Light, Lead up all those, that heard Thee, and believ'd; 'Midst thy own Flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd, And glad all Heav'n with Millions thou hast fav'd.

### HYMN to the SUN.

Set by Dr. PURCELL,

And Sung before Their Majesties on New-Years

IGHT of the World, and Ruler of the Year, With happy Speed begin thy great Career; And, as thou dost thy radiant Journeys run, Through every distant Climate, own, I diw

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Till.

That in fair Albion thou hast feen The greatest Prince, the brightest Queen, That ever fav'd a Land, or bleft a Throne. Since first thy Beams were spread, or Genial Power was . Those who well fuffaieda the Fights

So may Thy Godhead be confest, So the returning Year be bleft, As its Infant Months bestow Springing Wreaths for William's Brow; As its Summers Youth shall shed Eternal Sweets around Maria's Head: From the Bleffings they bestow. Our Times are dated, and our Era's move; They govern, and enlighten all below, As Thou doft all above.

Let our Hero in the War Active and fierce, like Thee, appear; Like Thee, great Son of Fove, like Thee, When clad in rifing Majesty Thou marchest down o'er Delos Hills confest, With all thy Arrows arm'd, in all thy Glory dreft. That

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Like Thee, the Hero does his Arms imploy,
The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.

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From fairest Years, and Times more happy Stores,
Gather all the smiling Hours;
Such as with friendly Care have guarded
Patriots and Kings in rightful Wars;
Such as with Conquest have rewarded
Triumphant Victors happy Cares;
Such as Story has recorded
Sacred to Nasfau's long Renown,
For Countries sav'd, and Battels won.

March them again in fair Array,
And bid them form the happy Day,
The happy Day defign'd to wait
On William's Fame, and Europe's Fate.

Let the happy Day be crown'd

With great Event and fair Success;

No brighter in the Year be found,

But that which brings the Victor home in Peace.

nisgA th from hei Cares upon her Subjects flow-

Like Thee, the dividere door

March them again in

Again Thy Godhead we implore,
(Great in Wisdom as in Power,)
Again, for good Maria's Sake, and ours,
Chuse out other smiling Hours;
Such as with joyous Wings have sled,
When happy Counsels were advising;
Such as have lucky Omens shed
O'er forming Laws, and Empires rising;
Such as many Courses ran,
Hand in Hand a goodly Train,
To bless the great Eliza's Reign;
And in the Typic Glory show,
What suller Bliss Maria shall bestow.

As the folemn Hours advance,
Mingled fend into the Dance,
Many fraught with all the Treasures,
Which thy Eastern Travel views;
Many wing'd with all the Pleasures,
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse.
That great Maria all those Joys may know,
Which from her Cares upon her Subjects flow.

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For Thy own Glory fing our Sov'raign's Praise

(God of Verses and of Days,)

Let all Thy tuneful Sons adorn
Their lasting Work with William's Name;

And, on the Surface of the Deep, where

Let chosen Muses yet unborn

Take great Maria for their future Theam:

Eternal Structures let Them raife,

On William's and Maria's Praise:

Nor want new Subject for the Song,

Nor fear they can exhauft the Store,

'Till Nature's Musick lyes unstrung;

'Till thou great God shalt lose thy double Pow'r;

And touch thy Lyre, and shoot thy Beams no more.

And trembling vows, a H T cregain

# LADY's Looking-Glass.

Walk'd o'er the Sand-Hills to the Sea:
The fetting Sun adorn'd the Coast,
His Beams entire, his Fierceness lost;

And,

And, on the Surface of the Deep,

The Winds lay only not afleep:

The Nymph did like the Scene appear,

Serenely joyous, calmly fair;

Soft fell her Words, as flew the Air.

With fecret Joy I heard her fay,

That she wou'd never miss one Day

A Walk so fine, a Sight so gay.

But, oh the Change! the Winds grow high,
Impending Tempests charge the Sky;
The Light'ning slies, the Thunder roars,
And big Waves lash the frighten'd Shoars.
Struck with the Horror of the Sight,
She turns her Head, and wings her Flight;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the Shore, or view the Main.

On the Heavily and Michael Brief

Once more at least look back, said I,

Thy self in that large Glass descry;

When thou art in good Humour drest,

When gentle Reason rules thy Breast,

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The Sun upon the calmest Sea
Appears not half so bright as Thee;
Tis then that with Delight I rove
Upon the boundless Depth of Love;
I bless my Chain, I hand my Oar,
Nor think on all I lest on Shoar.

But when vain Doubts and groundless Fear

Do that dear foolish Bosom tear;

When the big Lip and wat'ry Eye

Tell me the rising Storm is nigh;

Tis then thou art yon'angry Main,

Desorm'd by Winds, and dash'd by Rain;

And the poor Sailor, that must try

Its Fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to Land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forc'd to doat on Thee thy own Way,
I chide Thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from Thee, vext when nigh,
I with Thee, or without Thee, die.

Let use beneath their free free and Tree, recire

# Love and Friendship:

then the boundless Deprin of Love a

## PASTORAL

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

#### AMARTLLIS.

Hile from the Skies the ruddy Sun descends,
And rising Night the Evining Shade extends:
While pearly Dews o'erspread the fruitful Field,
And closing Flowers reviving Odours yield:
Let us, beneath these spreading Trees, recite
What from our Hearts our Muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close Retirement, fear,
Lest any Swain our am'rous Secrets hear.

#### SILVIA de l'abida

To ev'ry Shepherd I would mine proclaim,

Since fair Aminta is my softest Theme:

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A Stranger to the loose Delights of Love,
MyThoughts the nobler Warmth of Friendship prove:
And, while its pure and sacred Fire I sing,
Chast Goddess of the Groves, thy Succour bring.

#### AMARTLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my Breast inspire
With all thy Charms, with all thy pleasing Fire:
Propitious God of Love, thy Succour bring,
Whilst I thy Darling, thy Alexis sing.
Alexis, as the opening Blossoms fair,
Lovely as Light, and soft as yielding Air.
For him each Virgin sighs, and on the Plains
The happy Youth above each Rival reigns.
Nor to the Ecchoing Groves, and whisp'ring Spring,
In sweeter Strains does artful Conon sing;
When loud Applauses fill the crowded Groves,
And Phæbus the superior Song approves.

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#### SILVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early Light,
Breaking the melancholy Shades of Night.
When she is near, all anxious Trouble flies,
And our reviving Hearts confess her Eyes.

Young

Lound

Young Love, and blooming Joy, and gay Desires, In eviry Breast the beauteous Nymph inspires:
And on the Plain when she no more appears,
The Plain a dark and gloomy Prospect wears.
In vain the Streams roll on; the Eastern Breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling Trees;
In vain the Birds begin their Evining Song,
And to the silent Night their Notes prolong:
Nor Groves, nor crystal Streams, nor verdant Field
Does wonted Pleasures in her Absence yield.

#### AMARTLLIS.

And in his Absence, all the pensive Day,
In some obscure Retreat I lonely stray;
All Day to the repeating Caves complain,
In mournful Accents, and a dying Strain.
Dear lovely Youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely Youth, the flattering Vales resound.

#### SILVIA.

On flow'ry Banks, by ev'ry murm'ring Stream,

Aminta is my Muse's softest Theme:

'Tis she that does my artful Notes refine;

With fair Aminta's Name my noblest Verse shall shim

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#### AMARTLLIS.

I'll twine fresh Garlands for Alexis Brows,
And consecrate to him eternal Vows:
The charming Youth shall my Apollo prove;
He shall adorn my Songs, and tune my Voice to Love.

If Amary lie breather thy feeret Pains:

And the ford Heart beats Meafare to the Straig

# A Unvo. The Histor One R.

And make thy Beat H Te and orie

# Foregoing PASTORAL.

BY Silvia if thy charming felf be meant,
If Friendship be thy Virgin Vows Extent;
O! let me in Aminta's Praises join;
Hers my Esteem shall be, my Passion Thine:
When for thy Head the Garland I prepare,
A second Wreath shall bind Aminta's Hair;
And when my choicest Songs thy Worth proclaim,
Alternate Verse shall bless Aminta's Name:

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My Heart shall own the Justice of her Cause, And Love himself submit to Friendship's Laws.

and conferred to him eternal Vo

But, if beneath thy Numbers foft Difguise,
Some favour'd Swain, some true Alexis lyes;
If Amaryllis breaths thy secret Pains;
And thy fond Heart beats Measure to thy Strains:
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The Flame propitious, and the Lover kind;
May Venus long exert her happy Pow'r,
And make thy Beauty, like thy Verse, endure:
May ev'ry God his friendly Aid afford,
Pan guard thy Flock, and Ceres bless thy Board.

But if, by chance, the Series of thy Joys

Permit one Thought less chearful to arise:

Piteous transfer it to the mornful Swain,

Who loving much, who not belov'd again,

Feels an ill-fated Passion's last Excess;

And dies in Woe, that thou may'st live in Peace.

a le finil bleis siminta's Mame;

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She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and leaving me in the Argument.

### An ODE.

SPARE, Gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,
Who did unequal War pursue;
That more than Triumph he might have,
In being overcome by You.

In the Dispute whate'er I said,

My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd;

And in my Looks you might have read,

How much I argu'd on your side.

But Sha, hower of Vister fare,

You, far from Danger as from Fear,

Might have sustain'd an open Fight:

For seldom your Opinions err;

Your Eyes are always in the right.

To

Why, fair One, wou'd you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Cou'd I their Prevalence deny,
I must at once be Deaf and Blind.

Alas! not hoping to fubdue,

I only to the Fight afpir'd:

To keep the beauteous Foe in view

Was all the Glory I defir'd.

But She, howe'er of Vict'ry fure,

Contemns the Gift too long delay'd;

And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,

Calls cruel Silence to her Aid.

in being overcome by You

How min't Larga'd on your fide.

Your Eyes are always in the right.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the Fight;

She drops her Arms, to gain the Field:

Secures her Conquest by her Flight;

And Triumphs, when she seems to yield.

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Where-e'er it points, denouncing Deaths, below

So when the Parthian turn'd his Steed,
And from the Hostile Camp withdrew;
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He sent; and as he sled, he slew.

#### SEEING THE MAN WOOD BOTA

He faints, His Steed no fonger hears the Rein,

Lovely, fad Object! in His half clos'd Byes

# Duke of ORMOND's PICTURE,

#### AT

Fear to approach Him, the they fee Him fall, J

# Sir GODFRET KNELLER's.

O'These Lines too faint; the Picture is not like:
Exalt thy Thought, and try thy Toil again;
Dreadful in Arms, on Landen's glorious Plain,
Place Ormond's Duke; impendent in the Air
Let His keen Sabre, Comet-like, appear,

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Where-e'er it points, denouncing Death; below Draw routed Squadrons, and the num'rous Foe Falling beneath, or flying from His Blow.

'Till weak with Wounds, and cover'd o'er with Blood, Which from the Patriot's Breast in Torrents flow'd, He faints; His Steed no longer hears the Rein, But stumbles o'er the heap His Hand had slain.

And now exhausted, bleeding, pale, he lyes; Lovely, sad Object! in His half clos'd Eyes

Stern Vengeance yet, and Hostile Terror stand; His Front yet threatens, and His Frowns command: The Gallic Chiefs their Troops around Him call, Fear to approach Him, tho' they see Him fall.—

O Kneller; cou'd Thy Shades and Lights express
The perfect Hero in that glorious Dress;
Ages to come might Ormond's Picture know;
And Palms for Thee beneath His Lawrels grow:
In spight of Time Thy Work might ever shine;
Nor Homer's Colours last, so long as Thine.

Place Ormand's Duke; impendent in the Air

The His keen Sabre, Comer-like, appears

And

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### An O D E: DIE OUT

# Presented to the KING,

Shall ville her diffinguished Under No.

His Majesty's Arrival in Holland,

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# The QUEEN's Death. 1695 in all the conduction of the conduction o

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus

Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres

Cantus, Melpomene.

173

And every Muse, and every Grace,
In solemn State shall ever weep.

But let the Line difinife his Woes,

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd Urn.

For her the Wife and Great shall mourn,
When late Records her Deeds repeat;
Ages to come, and Men unborn,
Shall bless her Name, and sigh her Fate.

Fair Albion shall with faithful Trust,

Her holy Queen's sad Reliques guard;

'Till Heav'n awakes the precious Dust,

And gives the Saint her full Reward.

But let the King dismiss his Woes,

Reslecting on his fair Renown;

And take the Cypress from his Brows,

To put his wonted Laurels on.

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In folemn State field ever

If prest by Grief our Monarch stoops,

In vain the British Lions roar:

If he, whose Hand sustain'd them, droops,

The Belgic Darts will wound no more.

Embattel'd Princes wait the Chief,

Whose Voice should rule, whose Arm should lead;

And, in kind Murmurs, chide that Grief,

Which hinders Europe being freed.

The great Example they demand, who fill to Conquest led the way;
Wishing him present to Command, As they stand ready to Obey.

They feek that Joy, which us'd to glow, which

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I

OT

To give the mourning Nations Joy,

Restore them thy auspicious Light,

Great Sun; with radiant Beams destroy

Those Clouds, which keep thee from our Sight.

Let Thy fublime Meridian Course

For Mary's setting Rays attone:

Our Lustre, with redoubl'd Force,

Must now proceed from Thee alone:

See, pious King, with different Strife

Thy struggling Albion's Bosom torn;

So much she fears for William's Life,

That Mary's Fate she dare not mourn.

Her Beauty, in thy fofter Half,

Bury'd and loft, she ought to grieve:

But let her Strength in Thee be safe;

And let her weep, but let her live.

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Thou, Guardian Angel, fave the Land by Grand and From thy own Grief, her fiercest Foe; Lest Britain, rescu'd by thy Hand, Should bend and sink beneath thy Woe.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,

Unless new Trophies still be fought;

And hoary Majesty sustain

The Battels, which thy Youth has fought.

Where now is all that fearful Love,

Which made Her hate the Wars Alarms?

That foft Excess, with which she strove

To keep her Hero in her Arms?

While still She chid the coming Spring,

Which call'd Him o'er His subject Seas:

While, for the Safety of the King,

She wish'd the Victor's Glory less.

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erI'

'Tis chang'd, 'tis gone, fad Britain now
Hastens her Lord to Foreign Wars:
Happy, if Toils may break his Woe;
Or Danger may divert his Cares.

In Martial Din she drowns her Sighs,

Lest He the rising Grief should hear:

She pulls her Helmet o'er her Eyes,

Lest He should see the falling Tear.

Go, mighty Prince, let France be taught,

How constant Minds by Grief are try'd;

How great the Land, that wept and fought,

When William led, and Mary dy'd.

Where Death with all his Darts is feen,

That he can touch thy Heart with none,

But that, which struck the Beauteous Queen.

*Belgia* Wh

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While yet her Master was not near;
With sullen Pride refus'd Relief,
And sat Obdurate in Despair.

As Waters from her Sluces, flow'd
Unbounded Sorrow from her Eyes:
To Earth her bended Front she bow'd,
And sent her Wailings to the Skies.

But when her anxious Lord return'd,

Rais'd is her Head, her Eyes are dry'd;

She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,

She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

That Freedom, which all Sorrows claim,

She does for thy Content refign:

Her Piety it felf would blame,

If her Regrets should waken thine.

de

To cure thy Woe, she shews thy Fame,

Lest the great Mourner should forget,

That all the Race, whence Orange came,

Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

William his Country's Cause could fight,

And with his Blood her Freedom Seal:

Maurice and Henry guard that Right,

For which their pious Parent fell.

How Heroes rife, how Patriots fet,

Thy Father's Bloom and Death may tell:

Excelling others These were Great,

Thou, greater still, must these Excell.

The last fair Instance thou must give,

Whence Nassau's Virtue can be try'd;

And shew the World, that thou canst live

Intrepid, as thy Consort dy'd.

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Thy Virtue, whose resistless Force of bloods and No dire Event could ever stay,

Must carry on its destin'd Course,

Tho' Death and Envy stop the Way.

For Britain's Sake, for Belgia's, Live;
Pierc'd by their Grief forget thy own:
New Toils endure, new Conquest give;
And bring them Ease, tho' thou hast none.

Vanquish again; tho' She be gone,

Whose Garland crown'd the Victor's Hair:

And Reign; tho' She has left the Throne,

Who made thy Glory worth thy Care.

Fair Britain never yet before

Breath'd to her King a useles Pray'r:

Fond Belgia never did implore,

While William turn'd aside his Ear.

Thy

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Relentless to their Wishes prove; Should he recall, with pleasing Woe, The Object of his Grief and Love:

Her Face with thousand Beauties bleft;
Her Mind with thousand Virtues stor'd;
Her Pow'r with boundless Joy confest;
Her Person only not ador'd:

Yet ought his Sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his Passions to abate:
If the great Mourner would reslect,
Her Glory in her Death compleat.

She was instructed to command,

Great King, by long obeying Thee;

Her Scepter, guided by thy Hand,

Preserv'd the Isles, and Rul'd the Sea.

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Wife !

Hafter Is I

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But oh! 'twas little, that her Life
O'er Earth and Water bears thy Fame:
In Death, 'twas worthy William's Wife,
Amidst the Stars to fix his Name.

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives its Forms, thy Virtues rowl:
From Mary's Glory Angels trace
The Beauty of her Part'ner's Soul.

Wife Fate, which does its Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when they yield their Breath,
Haftens thy Triumph; Half of thee
Is Deify'd before thy Death.

Alone to thy Renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro'all Worlds to go:
While She great Saint rejoices Heav'n;
And Thou fustain's the Orb below.

But

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ODE,

### O D E,

Sur la Prise

## De NAMUR.

L' Année 1692.

Par Monsieur Despreaux de Boileau.

I.

Uelle docte & Sainte yvresse
Aujourd'huy me fait la loy?
Chastes Nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voy?
Accourez, Troupe Sqavante,
Des sons que ma Lyre enfante
Ces Arbres sont réjoüis.
Marques en bien la cadence;
Et vous, Vents, faites Silence:
Je vais Parler de Louis.

II. Dan

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# An English BALLAD,

On the Taking was a said

# Of NAMUR. 1695. in anional amb &

Dulce est desipere in loco. Tes cheface de all

I. and II. and our give will bea . I Ome Folks are drunk, yet do not know it: So might not Bacchus give you Law? Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet, Or Virgin of St. Cyr, you faw? Out for cor

Why all this Fury? What's the matter,

That Oaks must come from Thrace to dance?

Must stupid Stocks be taught to flatter,

And is there no fuch Wood in France?

Why must the Winds all hold their Tongue?

If they a little Breath should raise,

Would that have spoil'd the Poet's Song,

Dan

Or puff'd away the Monarch's Praise?

Dans ses chansons immortelles, Comme un Aigle audacieux, Pindare étendant ses aifles, Fuit loin des Vulgaires yeux. Mais, ô ma fidele Lyre, Si dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire, Tu peux suivre mes Transports; Les chesnes de Monts de Thrace N'ont rien oui que n'efface

La douceur de tes accords.

III.

TOme Followine dr

Was in a Walls O

Trolled to be will

A To mail 1 10

fluit Oute most a

bur bunti al funde

Would that have

S. von vienie 68

Est-ce Apollon & Neptune Qui sur ces Rocs Sourcilleux, Ont, compagnons de Fortune, Basti ces Murs orgueilleux? Math fampid Stocks B De leur enceinte fameuse La Sambre unie à la Meuse Deffend le fatal abord, Et par cent bouches horribles L'airain sur ces Monts terribles Vomit le fer, & la Mort.

Pine Too Whe And . Ma Nept Sha They Of Such 1 By But Y Of

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Pindar, that Eagle, mounts the Skies;
While Virtue leads the noble Way:
Too like a Vultur Boileau flies,
Where fordid Interest shows the Prey.
When once the Poet's Honour ceases,
From Reason far his Transports rove;
And Boileau, for eight hundred Pieces,
Makes Louis take the Wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune, and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny, and Vauban;
They arm'd thefe Rocks, then show'd old Jove
Of Marli Wood the wondrous Plan.
Such Walls, thefe three wife Gods agreed,
By Human Force could ne'er be shaken;
But You and I in Homer read
Of Gods, as well as Men, mistaken.
Sambre and Maese their Waves may join,
But ne'er can William's Force restrain;
He'll pass them Both, who pass'd the Boyn:
Remember this, and arm the Sein.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides

Les bordant de toutes parts,

D'éclairs au loin homicides

Font petiller leurs Remparts:

Et dans son Sein insidéle

Par tout la Terre y recele

Un seu prest à s'élancer,

Qui soudain percant son goufre,

Ouvre un Sepulchre de soufre

A quiconque ose avancer,

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles,
Jadis la Grece eust vingt Ans,
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ses plus siers Combattans.
Quelle effroyable Puissance
Aujourd-huy pourtant s'avance
Preste à soudroyer tes monts?
Quel bruit, quel seu l'environne?
C'est Jupiter en Personne,
Ou c'est le Vainqueur de Mons.

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VI. N'en

Stock Brane well

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P.F.

N'en

Full fifteen thousand lufty Fellows

With Fire and Sword the Fort maintain;

Each was a Hercules, you tell us,

Yet out they march'd like common Men.

Cannons above, and Mines below

Did Death and Tombs for Foes contrive;

Yet matters have been order'd so,

That most of Us are still alive.

V. of the formation of the transfer

Then Britain's Boys excell the Greeks:
Their Siege did ten long Years employ,
We've done our Bus'ness in ten Weeks.
What Godhead does so fast advance,
With dreadful Power those Hills to gain?
'Tis little Will, the Scourge of France,
No Godhead, but the first of Men.
His mortal Arm exerts the Pow'r,
To keep ev'n Mons's Victor under:

And that same Jupiter no more
Shall fright the World with impious Thunder.

F 4

VI. Our

VI.

Nen doute point, c'est luy-mesme.

Tout brille en luy, Tout est Roy.

Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême

Commence à trembler pour toy.

En vain il voit le Batave,

Desormais docile Esclave,

Rangé Sous ses étendars:

En vain au Lion Belgique

Il voit l'Aigle Germanique

Uni Sous les Leopards.

#### VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les Peuples les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage
Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or qui roule en ses eaux;

Ceux.

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VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur,
Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on secure,
To Bomb the Monks, and scare the Ladies.
After this Glorious Expedition,
One Battel makes the Marshal Great;
He must perform his King's Commission:
Who knows but Orange may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to seign the Gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to Fight;
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William wou'd preserve that Right.
VII.

From Seyn and Loyre, to Rhone and Po,

See every Mother's Son appear;
In fuch a Case ne'er blame a Foe,

If he betrays some little Fear:
He comes, the mighty Vill'roy comes;
Finds a small River in his Way:
So waves his Colours, beats his Drums;
And thinks it prudent there to stay.

### 74 Poems on several Occasions.

Ceux-ci des champs où la nége

Des marais de la Norvége

Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

## VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre?

Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,

Des froids Torrens de Decembre

Les Champs par tout sont noyés.

Cerés s'enfuit éplorée

De voir en proye à Borée

Ses guerets d'epics chargés,

Et Sous les Urnes fangeuses

Des Hyades orageuses

Tous ses Trésors submergés.

#### IX

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, Vents, Peuples, Frimats,
Ramassez tous vos nuages,
Rassamblez tous vos Soldats.

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The Gallic Troops breath Blood and War;
The Marshal cares not to march faster;
Poor Vill'roy moves so slowly here,
We fancy'd all, it was his Master.
VIII.

Will no kind Flood, no friendly Rain
Difguise the Mar'shal's plain Difgrace?
No Torrents swell the low Mehayne?
The World will say, he durst not pass.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear Poet, on the Banks of Sambre?
Just as they did that mighty Year,
When you turn'd June into December?
The Water-Nymphs are all unkind
To Vill'roy; are the Land-Nymphs so?
These Ebb alas! fly they? Combin'd
To shame a General, and a Beau?
IX.

Truth, Justice, Sense, Religion, Fame May join to finish William's Story; Nations set free may bless his Name, And France in Secret own his Glory, Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber Sous la foudre
Qui domt a l'Isle, Courtray,
Gand la Superbe Espagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Mastricht, & Cambray.

#### X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent:
Il commence à chanceler:
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses Murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine
Sousse à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les Bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblent tombant sur la Terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les Enfers.

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But Ipres, Mastrich and Cambray,

Befancon, Ghent, St. Omers, Lysle,

Courtray and Dole, — ye Criticks, say,

How poor to this was Pindar's Style?

With Eke's and Also's tack thy Strain,

Great Bard; and sing the deathless Prince,

Who lost Namur the same Campaign,

He bought Dixmude, and gutted Deynse.

X.

I'll hold ten Pound, my Dream is out,
I'd tell it You, but for the Rattle
Of those consounded Drums; no doubt
Yon' bloody Rogues intend a Battel.
Dear me! a hundred thousand French
With Terror fill the neighb'ring Field;
While William carries on the Trench,
'Till both the Town and Castle yield.
Vill'roy to Boufflers should advance,
Says Mars, thro' Cannons Mouths in Fire;
Id est, one Mareschal of France
Tells t'other, He can come no nigher.

XI.

Accourez, Naffau, Baviere,

Des ces Murs l'unique espoir:

A couvert d'une Riviere

Venez, vous pouvez tout voir.

Confiderez ces approches:

Voyez, grimper sur ces roches

Ces Athletes belliqueux;

Et dans les Eaux, dans la flame,

Louis à tout donnant l'ame,

Marcher, courir avecque eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeste

Qui sort de ces Boulevars,

La plume qui sur sa teste

Attire tous les regards.

A cet Astre redoutable

Toûjours un sort favorable

S'attache dans les Combats:

Et toûjours avec la Gloire

Mars amenant la Victoire

Vôle, & le suit à grands pas.

XIII. Grands

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#### XI.

#### XII.

Now let us look for Louis Feather,

That us'd to shine so like a Star,

The Generals could not get together,

Wanting that Insluence, great in War;

O Poet! thou had'st been discreeter,

Hanging the Monarchs Hat so high;

If thou had'st dubb'd thy Star, a Meteor;

That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

Cal. V 201381

ands

XIII. To

XIII.

Grands Deffenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous, il en est temps,
Courage, vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos Drapeaux slottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont vú sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc. Qui vous retarde?
Tout l'Univers vous regarde.
N'osez-vous la traverser?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.
Quoy? leur seul aspect vous glace?
Ou sont ces chefs pleins d'audace
Jadis si prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise
Et de la Drâve Soûmise
Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher?

I

L

F

XV. Two

#### XIII. VX

To animate the doubtful Fight, or vorted tracking of Namur in vain expects that Rays waters 9 201 1112 In vain France hopes, the fickly Light would not Shou'd shine near William's fuller Day of the Tory He likes Versailles, his proper Station, suplui nist? Nor cares for any Foreign Sphere; was wow of Where you fee Boileau's Constellation, & small all Be fure no Danger can be near somow sel will all De Corns morts, de Roes, VIX Briones The French had gather'd all their Force por throng? And William left an open way: Yet off they brush'd, both Foot and Horse. 30 119 What has Friend Boileau left to fay? When his high Muse is bent upon tanged an extrast To fing her King, that Great Commander. Or on the Shores of Hellespont, and additional Or in the Valleys near Scamander; Wou'd it not spoil his noble Task, and zimerre and all If any foolish Phrygian there is agoid a sall

Impertinent enough to ask, whom estimued sol views?

How far Namur may be from Paris ? would see

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OWT VX

XV.IIIX Cependant l'effroy redouble luksduch sit stemins o' Sur les Remparts de Namur. Son Gouverneur qui se trouble S'enfuit sous son dernier mur. The said buon? Déja jusques à ses portes q and addition voll off Je voy monter nos cobortes de la vas de estes voll La flame & le fer en main : walled sel nov stall Et sur les Monceaux de piques, son on sul al De Corps morts, de Rocs, de Briques, Souvrir un large chemin.s b'adiss Lad donne ad And William left an open AVX

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre Sur ces Rochers éperdusassio & bosis and tadW Battre un Signal pour se rendre M doid aid world Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus. Dépouillez vôtre arrogance, le le moil ont no 10 Fiers Ennemis de la France, a evalle V och ni 10 Et desormais gracieux, aldon sid lied son si buoll Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles, will alle de la la Porter les humbles nouvelles of depond insurfique De Namur pris à vos yeux. en and l'al worl.

#### XV.

Two Stanza's more before we end,

Of Death, Pikes, Rocks, Arms, Bricks and Fire:

Leave 'em behind you, honest Friend:

And with your Country-Men retire.

Your Ode is spoilt, Namur is freed; TI

For Dixmuyd something yet is due;

So good Count Guiscard may proceed;

But Boufflers, Sir, one Word with you.

### Mo, no, the Fair, the C.IVX

Tis done. In Sight of these Commanders,

Who neither Fight, nor raise the Siege; and HA

The Foes of France march fafe thro' Flanders,

Divide to Bruxelles or to Liege.

Send, Fame, this News to Trianon;

That Boufflers may new Honours gain: 3 12 mo

He the same Play by Land has shown, ad stand avoil

As Tourville did upon the Main. The Main and Main

Yet is the Mar'shal made a Peer,

O William, may thy Arms advance,

That he may lose Dinant next Year, and and That

And so be Constable of France.

#### INX

### IMITATION

#### OF

### ANACREON

Divide to Brivelles at to Liere.

Let the Wretches know I write

Regardless of their Grace, or Spight.

No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,

Govern the Numbers of my Song;

All that They approve is fweet, and and the

And all is Sense that They repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire; aids, and door

Venus! String thy Servant's Lyre:

Love shall be my endless Theme;

Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:

And, when these Maximes I decline,

Apollo, may thy Fate be mine:

May I grasp at empty Praise; Sol your od tall

And lose the Nymph, to gain the Bays.

18

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### An OD E.

THE Merchant, to secure his Treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd Name:

Euphelia serves to grace my Measure;

But Cloe is my real Flame.

My foftest Verse, my darling Lyre,
Upon Euphelia's Toylet lay;
When Cloe noted her Desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

Aid Backus, fill the Intightly Bowl

Kind Coddell to the celter

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raife;
But with my Numbers mix my Sighs:
And, whilft I fing Euphelia's Praife,
I fix my Soul on Cloe's Eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd, Euphelia frown'd;
I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembl'd:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembl'd.

An

G 3

### A SONG.

HHE Merchen, to fecure his freatm

To ease the Sickness of the Soul;
Let Phæbus ev'ry String explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly Bowl.
Let them their friendly Aid imploy,
To make my Cloe's Absence light;
And seek for Pleasure, to destroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night,

But She to Morrow will return:

Venus, be Thou to Morrow great;

Thy Myrtles strow, thy Odours burn;

And meet thy Fav'rite Nymph in State.

Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs

Let us to Morrow's Blessings own:

Thy darling Loves shall guide the Hours;

And all the Day be Thine alone.

CELIA

### Channel E mind be of Ligard Latine of A

Her Resion cou'd support the doubting Maids My Soul furgrizid, and from its fall disjoints.

## Left a Merve Od al M Sex A and : Command her Motion in the recent

Atque in Amore mala hæc proprio, summéque secundo
Inveniuntur—

Lucret. Lib. 4.

My Truth, what Colours can describe my
If its Excess and Fury be not known
In what thy Celia has already done?

Thy love are center'd All in me Alone:

reil for on fwelling AaP of Rapture born ;

E'er Guardian Thought cou'd bring its scatter'd Aid, E'er Reason cou'd support the doubting Maid, My Soul surpriz'd, and from its self disjoin'd, Lest all Reserve, and all the Sex behind:

From your Command her Motions she receiv'd, And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.

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But ever blest be Cytherea's Shrine,
And Fires Eternal on her Altars shine;
Since thy dear Breast has felt an equal Wound;
Since in thy Kindness my Desires are crown'd.
By thy each Look, and Thought, and Care, 'tis shown,
Thy Joys are center'd All in me Alone;
And sure I am thou wou'dst not change this Hour,
For all the White ones Fate has in its Pow'r.—

Wate calle Smiles difficelled the frient freak

Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to Excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning Bliss,
In this great Moment, in this Golden Now,
When ev'ry Trace of What, or When, or How
Shou'd from my Soul by raging Love be torn,
And far on swelling Seas of Rapture born;

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wn,

r,

A melancholy Tear afflicts my Eye; who would have melancholy Tear afflicts my Eye; who would have my Heart labours with a fudden Sigh would live and I love the prefer Blifs destroy. Who was a lower than the prefer Blifs destroy.

Poor as it is, this Beauty was the Cause,
That with first Sighs your panting Bosom rose:
But with no Owner Beauty long will stay,
Upon the Wings of Time born swift away:
Pass but some sleeting Years, and these poor Eyes,
(Where now without a Boast some Beauty lyes,)
No longer shall their little Lustre keep,
Shall only be of use to read, or weep.
And on this Forehead, where your Verse has said.
The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd;
Insulting Age will trace his cruel Way,
And leave sad Marks of his destructive Sway.

Mov'd by my Charms, with them your Love may And, as the Fuel finks, the Flame decrease: (cease, Or angry Heav'n may quicker Darts prepare, And Sickness strike what Time a while wou'd spare.

Will hals un poard, will unregarded die;

Then

3011

Then will my Swain his glowing Vows renew,
Then will his throbbing Heart to Mine beat true,
When my own Face deters me from my Glass,
And Kneller only shows what Celia was?

Fantastick Fame may sound her wild Alarms;
Your Country, as you think, may want your Arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the Flame,
Whose Smoke too long obscur'd your rising Name:
And quickly cold Indisference will ensue,
When you Love's Joys thro' Honour's Optic view.

No longer thall their little I uffre here.

Then Celia's loudest Pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd Breast to bring you back;
When my lost Lover the tall Ship ascends,
With Musick Gay, and wet with Jovial Friends:
The tender Accents of a Woman's Cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough Seaman's louder Shouts prevail;
When fair Occasion shows the springing Gale;
And Int'rest guides the Helm, and Honour fills the
(Sayl:)

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You ev'ry Nieht may fiels for Her in vain:

The Vine arties from his Mother's fuice

Some wretched Lines from this neglected Hand, May find my Lover on the Foreign Strand, mand. Fill'd with new Fires, and pleas'd with new Com-While She who wrote 'em, of all Joy bereft, To the rude Cenfure of the World is left, Her mangl'd Fame in barb'rous Pastime lost, The Coxcomb's Novel, and the Drunkard's Toast.

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But nearer Care, O pardon it! supplies
Sighs to my Breast, and Sorrow to my Eyes.

Love, Love himself, the only Friend I have,
May scorn his Triumph, having bound his Slave:
That Tyrant God, that restless Conqueror,
May quit his Pleasure, to affert his Pow'r;
Forsake the Provinces that bless his Sway,
To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

Another Nymph with fatal Pow'r may rife,
To damp the finking Beams of Celia's Eyes;
With haughty Pride may hear her Charms confest;
And scorn the ardent Vows that I have blest:

While blooming Love affores us Cole

You

You ev'ry Night may figh for Her in vain;
And rife each Morning to some fresh Disdain:
While Celia's fostest Look may cease to Charm;
And her Embraces want the Pow'r to warm:
While these fond Arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy Chains, than those of hopeless Love.

Brannald Fame in but rows Laffant toff.

Just Gods! all other things their Like produce:
The Vine arises from its Mother's Juice;
When seeble Plants, or tender Flow'rs decay,
They to their Seed their Images convey:
Where the old Myrtle her good Instuence sheds,
Sprigs of like Leaf erect their Filial Heads,
And when the Parent Rose decays, and dies,
With a resembling Face the Daughter Buds arise.
That Product only which our Passions bear,
Eludes the Planter's miserable Care:
While blooming Love assures us Golden Fruit,
Some inborn Poison taints the secret Root;
Soon fall the Flow'rs of Joy, and soon the Seeds of (Hatred shoot.)

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Say, Shepherd, fay, Are these Ressections true?

Or was it but the Woman's Fear, that drew
This cruel Scene; unjust to Love and You?

Will You be only, and for ever Mine?

Shall neither Time, nor Age our Souls disjoin?

From this dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn?

Or You grow cold, Respectful, and Forsworn?

And can You not for Her you love do more,

Than any Youth for any Nymph before?

# PALLAS and VENUS.

The only Armour is the Nednets:

### 

HE Trojan Swain had judg'd the great Dispute,
And Beauty's Pow'r obtain'd the Golden Fruit;
When Venus, loose in all her naked Charms,
Met Jove's Great Daughter clad in shining Arms.

The

The wanton Goddess view'd the Warlike Maid
From Head to Foot, and Tauntingly she said.

Yield, Sister; Rival, yield; Naked, You see,
I vanquish; guess how Potent I should be
If to the Field I came in Armour drest,
Dreadful, like thine, my Shield, and terrible my Crest?

Or You grow cold, Refnedful, and Fortworn?

Or was it but the Woman's Feat, that draw

The Warrior Goddess with Disdain reply'd;
Thy Folly, Child, is equal to thy Pride:
Let a brave Enemy for once advise,
And Venus (if 'tis possible) be Wise.
Thou to be strong must put off every Dress;
Thy only Armour is thy Nakedness:
And more than once, or Thou art much bely'd,
By Mars himself that Armour has been try'd.

HE Trojan Swainhad judgid the great Dispute,

When Forms, loofe in all her naked Charms,

H

## Presented to the

### vennts dread your helt your Britain at your Altars bo

And hear, Flat Hymne your nappy Caro avow

### His Arrival in HOLLAND,

AFTER THE

### Discovery of the Conspiracy, Q 01 draws the Sword. Poifes the Balland

Serus in cœlum redeas; diuque Latus intersis populo Quirini: Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum

bas asvil all bandib Ocyor aura

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mA

Tollat ad augustum.

TE careful Angels, whom eternal Fate Ordains, on Earth and human Acts to wait; Who turn with secret Pow'r this restless Ball, And bid alternate Empires rife and fall:

Your

Your

Your facred Aid religious Monarchs own,
When first They merit, then ascend the Throne:
But Tyrants dread you, lest your just Decree
Transfer the Pow'r, and set the People free:
See rescu'd Britain at your Altars bow:
And hear Her Hymns your happy Care avow:
That still her Axes and her Rods support
The Judges Frown, and grace the awful Court:
That Law with all her pompous Terror stands,
To wrest the Dagger from the Traitors Hands;
And rigid Justice reads the satal Word;
Poises the Ballance first, then draws the Sword.

Britain Her Sasety to your Guidance owns,
That She can sep'rate Parricides from Sons:
That, impious Rage disarm'd, She lives and Reigns,
Her Freedom kept by Him, who broke her Chains.

And Thou, great Minister, above the rest
Of Guardian Spirits, be Thou for ever blest:
Thou, who of old wert sent to Israel's Court,
With secret Aid great David's strong Support;

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To mock the frantick Rage of cruel Saul;

And strike the useless Jav'lin to the Wall.

Thy later Care o'er William's Temples held,

On Boyn's propitious Banks, the heav'nly Shield;

When Pow'r Divine did Sov'raign Right declare;

And Cannons mark'd, whom they were bid to spare.

Still, bleffed Angel, be thy Care the fame;
Be William's Life untouch'd, as is his Fame:
Let him own Thine, as Britain owns His Hand;
Save Thou the King, as He has fav'd the Land.

And forling fees her fiebel Subject frowns

We Angels Forms in pious Monarchs view;
We reverence William, for he acts like You;
Like You, Commission'd to chastize and bless,
He must avenge the World, and give it Peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent Pray'r receives;
And still Britannia smiles, and William lives:
The Hero dear to Earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By Troubles must be vex'd, by Dangers prov'd;

His Elects in Thursday through the World due

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Thy letter Carrie of the Millians's The miles for Tilly

His Foes must aid to make his Fame compleat,
And fix his Throne secure on their Deseat.

So, the with sudden Rage the Tempest comes,
The the Winds roar, and the Water soams,
Imperial Britain on the Sea looks down,
And smiling sees her Rebel Subject frown;
Striking her Cliff, the Storm consirms her Pow'r,
The Waves but whiten her Triumphant Shore;
In vain they wou'd advance, in vain retreat,
Broken they dash and perish at her Feet.

For William still new Wonders shall be shown,
The Pow'rs that rescu'd shall preserve the Throne:
Safe on his Darling Britain's joyful Sea,
Behold, the Monarch plows his liquid way:
His Fleets in Thunder thro' the World declare,
Whose Empire they obey, whose Arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring Winds he sinds the Strand
Blacken'd with Crouds; he sees the Nations stand
Blessing his Safety, proud of his Command.

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In various Tongues he hears the Captains dwell
On their great Leader's Praise; by Turns they tell,
And listen, each with emulous Glory sir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia freed the Hero's Arm confess'd;
But trembl'd for the Courage which She blest.

O Louis, from this great Example know,
To be at once a Hero, and a Foe:
By founding Trumpets, mark, and furly Drums,
When William to the open Vengeance comes:
Heading His Troops, and foremost in the Fight,
Behold the Soldier plead the Monarch's Right.

Hence then, close Ambush and persidious War,
Down to your prissin Seats of Night repair.

And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel Pride
Restrain'd, behind the Victor's Chariot ty'd
In brazen Knots, and everlasting Chains.

(So Europe's Peace, so William's Fate ordains.)

While on the Iv'ry Chair, in happy State
He sits; secure in Innocence, and great

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Take me, My Colo, to thy Breath,

In

Averted Darts of Rage, and pointless Arms of Death.

### flow Helgin freed the AlerO. Tron confeled

How William Conever do and how Proces retirile

### Young Gentleman in Love.

O Lowis, from this great Emanyle know,

# Toboat once, a Maro, and a Portion of Toboat Once, a Marly Drung of Total one open Verteenice comes.

From all the busic Ills of Life,
Take me, My Cloe, to thy Breast,
And Iull my wearied Soul to Rest.
For ever, in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;
None enter else, but Love—and He
Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.

(So Europe's Peace, to William's Fate ordains

To painted Roofs and shining Spires, and shini

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That dare be Coverous and Proud;
In Golden Bondage let them wait, and I being and And Barter Happiness for State:
But Oh! My Cloe, when thy Swain
Desires to see a Court again,
May Heav'n around this destin'd Head, and the Choicest of its Curses shed:
To sum up all the Rage of Fate
In the Two Things I dread and hate, and I be Great.

And make my couldant Pallion known,

The pierce my Henrichro chiry

Thus, on his Cloe's panting Breaft,

Fond Celadon his Soul exprest;

While with Delight the lovely Maid

Receiv'd the Vows, she thus repaid.

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,

Bleft Miracle of Love and Truth!

All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,

My Love and Life long fince are Thine;

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My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retroit,

A real Joy I never knew,

Till I believ'd thy Passion true;
A real Grief I ne'er can find,

Till thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind.

Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,

All we abhor, and all we fear,

Blest with thy Presence, I can bear;

Thro' Waters and thro' Flames I'll go,

Suff'rer and Solace of thy Woe;

Trace me some yet unheard-of way,

That I thy Ardour may repay;

And make my constant Passion known,

By more than Woman yet has done.

Had I a Wish that did not bear

The Stamp and Image of my Dear,
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Die to let it out again.
No: Venus shall my Witness be,
(If Venus ever lov'd like me,)
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,

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To be the Persian Monarch's Bride, Part'ner of all his Power and Pride: Or Rule in Regal State above, Mother of Gods, and Wife of Jove.

O happy these of human Race! But foon, alas! our Pleafures pafs. He thank'd her on his bended Knee, Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea; And leaving her ador'd Embrace, Haften'd to Court, to beg a Place. While She, his Absence to bemoan, The very Moment he was gone, Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the Bed, Where all this time he had been hid.

### MORAL.

THilft Men have these Ambitious Fancies, And wanton Wenches read Romances, Our Sex will - What? out with it: Lye: And Theirs in equal Strains reply.

H A Dealt of the exon The

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Carlos was with high

The Moral of the Tale I fing, (A Posy for a Wedding Ring,) In this short Verse will be confined, Love is a Jest, and Vows are Wind.

#### number, Alas out I control

### ENGLISH PADLOCK.

ISS Dange, when Fair and Young, (As Horace has divinely fung) Could not be kept from Jove's Embrace By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass. The Reason of the Thing is clear, (Would Jove the naked Truth aver,) Cupid was with him of the Party, And show'd himself sincere and hearty: For, give that Whipster but his Errand, He takes my Lord Chief Justice' Warrant; Dauntless as Death away he walks, Breaks the Doors open, Inaps the Locks, Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study, Nor stops 'till he has Culprit's Body.

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The Parising Parisin Process

Since this has been Authentick Truth,

By Age deliver'd down to Youth;

Tell us, miftaken Husband, tell us,

Why fo Myfterious, why fo Jealous?

Does the Reftraint, the Bolt, the Bar,

Make us less Curious, her less Fair?

The Spy, who does this Treasure keep,

Does she ne'er say her Pray'rs, nor Sleep?

Does she to no Excess incline?

Does she fly Musick, Mirth and Wine?

Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r,

To purchase One unguarded Hour?

Your Care does further yet extend,

That Spy is guarded by your Friend.

But has that Friend nor Eye, nor Heart?

May He not feel the cruel Dart

Which, foon or late, all Mortals feel?

May He not, with too tender Zeal,

Give the Fair Pris'ner Caufe to fee,

How much He wishes, she were free?

May

May He not craftily infer

The Rules of Friendship too severe,

Which chain him to a hated Trust,

Which make him Wretched, to be Just?

And may not She, this Darling She,
Youthful and healthy, Flesh and Blood,
Easie with Him, ill us'd by Thee,

Allow this Logic to be good?

Does the me ten (by her Tien're, who the

Sir, Will your Questions never end?

I trust to neither Spy nor Friend.

In short, I keep her from the Sight
Of ev'ry Human Face.—She'll write.—

From Pen and Paper She's debarr'd.—

Has she a Bodkin and a Card?

She'll priek her Mind:—She will, you say;
But how shall She that Mind convey?

I keep her in one Room, I lock it;

The Key, look here, is in this Pocket:

The Key-hole, is that left? Most certain,
She'll thrust her Letter thro',—Sir Martin.

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Wait on her to the Particul Play.

Dear angry Friend, what must be done? Is there no Way? - There is but one. Send her abroad, and let her fee, That all this mingled Mass, which she Being forbidden longs to know, Is a dull Farce, an empty Show, Powder, and Pocket-Glass, and Beau; A Staple of Romance and Lies, False Tears, and real Perjuries; Where Sighs and Looks are bought and fold, And Love is made but to be told; Where the fat Bawd and lavish Heir The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty share, And Youth feduc'd from Friends and Fame Must give up Age to Want and Shame. Let her behold the Frantick Scene, The Women wretched, false the Men: And when, these certain Ills to shun, She would to thy Embraces run; Receive her with extended Arms, Seem more delighted with her Charms;

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Wait on her to the Park and Play, Put on good Humour, make her gay; Be to her Virtues very kind, ---- TVEW on profest Be to her Faults a little blind; Let all her Ways be unconfin'd, leading and the said And clap your Padlock - on her Mind.

Monsieur De la Fontaine's

and Podlety Cliff, that M

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Intelligate feducia from brief

## HANS CARVEL

### I M I T A T E D

ANS Carvel, Impotent and Old, Harried a Lass of London Mould; Handsome? enough; extremely Gay; Lov'd Musick, Company and Play: High Flights she had, and Wit at Will, And fo her Tongue lay feldom ftill;

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it Tresting Board was

For in all Visits who but She,

She made it plain that Human Passion
Was order'd by Predestination;
That, if weak Women went astray,
Their Stars were more in Fault than They:
Whole Tragedies She had by Heart,
Enter'd into Roxana's Part;
To Triumph in her Rival's Blood,
The Action certainly was good;
How like a Vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World!
She pity'd Betterton in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She, first of all the Town, was told,
Where newest India things were sold;
So in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's,
To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen,
What else cou'd so much Virtue mean?

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For to prevent the least Reproach, and William Betty went with her, in the Goach, draw and a super A of

But, when no very great Affair

Excited her peculiar Care,

She, without fail, was wak'd at Ten,

Drank Chocolate, then slept again;

At Twelve She rose, with much ado

Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two:

Then, Does my Lady Dine at home?

Yes sure, — but is the Colonel come?

Next, how to spend the Afternoon,

And not come Home again too soon;

The Change, the City, or the Play,

As each was proper for the Day;

A Turn, in Summer, to Hyde-Park,

When it grew tolerably Dark.

Wives Pleasure causes Husbands Pain,
Strange Fancies come in Hans's Brain;
He thought of what he did not name,
And wou'd reform, but durst not blame;

Where newelt India things were folds

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At first He therefore Preach'd his Wife The Comforts of a Pious Life: John and vino sit Told Her how Transient Beauty was, That all must die, and Flesh was Grass: was all He bought her Sermons, Pfalms and Graces, And doubled down the useful Places. But still the Weight of worldly Care and and to Allow'd her little time for Prayer. And Cleopatra was read o'er, and was wooded ashired the Whilst Scot, and Wake, and Twenty more, That teach one to deny ones felf, dames say out of Lay unmolested on the Shelf. I sow a sound to the An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet, No fear that Thumb of hers should spoil it. In short, the Trade was still the same, The Dame went out, the Colonel came.

Relich fays liams, pray let me crave

Our friends there, dul you leave them well?

What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd,
Another Batt'ry must be try'd:
What if to Spells I had Recourse?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.

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The End must justifie the Means,
He only Sins who Ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to Combat Evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,

(For name him and he's always near,)

Not in the Shape in which he plies

At Misses Elbow, when she lies;

Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors,

To take the naughty Boy that roars:

But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,

Like a grave Barrister at Law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your Grief,
The Devil says, I bring Relief:
Relief, says Hans, pray let me crave
Your Name, Sir;—Satan;—Sir, your Slave;
I did not look upon your Feet,
You'll pardon me;—Ay, now I see't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from Hell;
Our Friends there, did you leave them well?

"No fear than To densell used on ".

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All well; but prithee, honest Hans, asw seely od T Says Satan, leave your Complaifance. Says Satan, leave your Complaifance. The Truth is this, I cannot flay to street volume Flaring in Sun-shine all the Day: 100 bed annie in T' For, entre Nous, we hellish Sprites of Isnoio of T Love more the Fresco of the Nights vom small and And oftner our Receipts convey Thew semind off In Dreams, than any other way. I won to nedw and I tell you therefore as a Friend, want mabol amod s. E'er Morning Dawns, your Fears shall end Go then this Evining, Master Carvel, wooneds mor I Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel; Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care, Vind 114 Whilst I the great Receipt prepare; To Night I'll bring it, by my Faith; Believe, for once, what Satan faith. I nodi bed in And think how A week Little cold there.

Away went Hans, glad? not a little:

Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle;

Invited Friends some half a Dozen,

The Colonel, and my Lady's Cozen.

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#### Poems on several Occasions. 114

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The Meat was ferv'd, the Bowls were crown'd; Catches were Sung, and Healths went round: Barbados Waters for the Close, 'Till Hans had fairly got his Dose: The Colonel toasted to the best, The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest: The Chimes went Twelve, the Guests withdrew, But when or how, Hans hardly knew. Some Modern Anecdotes aver, He nodded in his Elbow Chair: From thence was carry'd off to Bed; John held his Heels, and Nan his Head. My Lady was difturb'd, new Sorrow; Which Hans must answer for to Morrow.

In Bed then view this happy Pair, And think how Hymen Triumph'd there. Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid, The Duty of the Night unpaid: The waking Dame, with Thoughts opprest, That made her hate both Him and Reft; By fuch a Husband, fuch a Wife: Twas Acme's and Septimius' Life.

To With I'm being it, by my Earth;

The Lady figh'd, the Lover fnor'd; The punctual Devil kept his Word: Appear'd to honest Hans again, (But not at all by Madam feen, ) And giving him a Magick Ring, Fit for the Finger of a King: Dear Hans, faid he, this Jewel take, And wear it long, for Satan's fake; Twill do your Business to a Hair: For long as you this Ring shall wear, As fure as I look over Lincoln, That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the Ring with Joy extream, (All this was only in a Dream, ) is and brows a And thrusting it beyond his Joint, and and daid W Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point What Point, faid she, you ugly Beast? A You neither give me Joy nor Reft: 'Tis done, --- What's done, you drunken Bear? You've thrust your Finger G-d knows where. Which witey Medico compor Elemen

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## PAULO PURGANTI

A N D A d lis to soon inti-

### His WIFE:

An Honest, but a Simple Pair.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni Virtute, quod Deceat: quod Cogitatione magis à Virtute potest quam Re separari.

in ster flell the day abide you think on.

Cic. de Officiis. Lib. 1.

Beyond the fix'd and fettl'd Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools;
Beyond the Letter of the Law,
Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe;
The better Sort should set before 'em
A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum;
Something, that gives their Acts a Light;
Makes'em not only just, but bright;
And sets 'em in that open Fame,
Which witty Malice cannot blame.

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For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting,

Much may be Right, yet much be Wanting:

From Lines drawn true, our Eye may trace

A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face:

May justly own the Picture wrought

Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault:

Yet, if the Colouring be not there,

The Titian Stroke, the Guido Air,

To nicest Judgment show the Piece,

At best 'twill only not displease:

It would not gain on Jersey's Eye,

B—d—d would scold, and set it by.

Thus, in the Picture of our Mind,

The Action may be well design'd;

Guided by Law, and bound by Duty;

Yet want this Je ne scay quoy of Beauty:

And, tho' its Error may be such,

As Knags and Burgess cannot hit,

It yet may feel the nicer Touch

Of Wicherley's or Congreve's Wit.

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What is this Talk? replies a Friend:
And where will this dry Moral end?
The Truth of what you here lay down
By fome Example should be shown:—
With all my Heart,—for once,—read on.
An Honest, but a Simple Pair,
(And Twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this Thesis clear.

A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,

Paulo Purganti was his Name,

Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife:

No Woman led a better Life:

She to Intreagues was ev'n hard-hearted;

She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted:

And thought the Nation ne'er wou'd thrive,

'Till all the Whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd Men, that dare be bad,

She thought no Mercy should be had;

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They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or stead;

Or serv'd like Romiss Priests in Swede.

In short, all Lewdness she defy'd,

And stiff was her Parochial Pride.

(Bleft Revolution), one might

The Deflor and and ed th

Kiddly complain'd to

Yet, in an honest way, the Dame
Was a great Lover of that same:
And could from Scripture take her Cue,
That Husbands should give Wives their Due.

Her Prudence did so justly steer

Between the Gay and the Severe,

That, if in some Regards she chose

To curb poor Paulo in too close;

In others she relax'd again,

And govern'd with a looser Rein.

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Thus, the ftrictly did confine

The Doctor from Excess of Wine;

With Oysters, Eggs, and Vermicelli,

She let him almost burst his Belly:

Thus

Thus drying Coffee was deny'd;
But Chocolate that Loss supply'd;
And for Tobacco, (who could bear it?)
Filthy Concomitant of Claret,
(Blest Revolution) one might see
Eringo Roots, and Bohé Tea.

She often set the Doctor's Band,
And strok'd his Beard, and squeez'd his Hand;
Kindly complain'd, that after Noon
He went to pore on Books too soon;
She held it wholsomer by much
To rest a little on the Couch;
About his Waste in Bed a-nights
She clung so close,—for sear of Sprights.

the a great Louis or the Came:

And something the colors

The Dottor from Excels of Wines

The Doctor understood the Call,
But had not always wherewithal.

The Lion's Skin too short, you know,

(As Plutarch's Morals finely show,)

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Was lengthen'd by the Fox's Tail:
And Art supplies, where Strength may fail.

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Unwilling then in Arms to meet

The Enemy, he could not beat,

He strove to lengthen the Campaign,

And save his Forces by Chicane.

Fabius, the Roman Chief, who thus

By fair Retreat grew Maximus,

Shows us, that all, which Warrior can do

With Force inferior, is Cunstando.

Mo felt her Dulle, the westin her Eves:

One Day then, as the Foe drew near,

With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear;

Our Don, who knew this Tittle Tattle

Did, fure as Trumpet, call to Battel,

Thought it extreamly à propos,

To ward against the coming Blow;

To ward, but how? Ay, there's the Question:

Fierce the Assault; unarm'd the Bastion.

The Dodor and the Dame were faid,

The

The Doctor feign'd a strange Surprise;

He selt her Pulse, he view'd her Eyes:

Those beat too fast, these rowl'd too quick;

She was, he said, or would be Sick:

He judg'd it absolutely good,

That she should purge and cleanse her Blood.

Spaw Waters for that end were got:

If they past easily or not

What matters it? the Lady's Feaver

Continu'd violent as ever.

For a Distemper of this kind,

(Blackmore and Hanns are of my Mind)

If once it youthful Blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex,

Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion,

What-e'er might be our Doctor's Notion.

One luckless Night then, as in Bed

The Doctor and the Dame were laid,

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Again this cruel Feaver came,

High Pulse, short Breath, and Blood in Flame.

What Measures shall poor Paulo keep

With Madam in this piteous taking?

She, like Mackbeth, has murder'd Sleep,

And won't allow him Rest, tho' waking.

Sad State of Matters; when we dare

Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War:

Nor Livy nor Comines have shown,

What in this Juncture may be done.

Grotius might own, that Paulo's Case is

Harder, than any which he places

Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,

By dint of Logic to maintain,

That all the Sex was born to grieve,

Up from her Ladyship to Eve.

He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience;

Back'd his Opinion with Quotations,

Divines and Moralists; and run ye on

Quite thro' from Seneca to Bunyan.

and and the same of the same a constant

As much in vain he bid her try

To fold her Arms, to close her Eye,

Telling her Rest would do her Good,

If any thing in Nature cou'd:

So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,

Masters and Princes of the Calling;

So all our modern Friends maintain,

(Tho' no great Greeks;) in Warwick-Lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wandring Song:

A Tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,

And sigh'd, and tost, and groan'd, and turn'd.

At last, I wish, said she, my Dear——

(And whisper'd something in his Ear.)

You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries:

Lord! when will Womankind be wise?

What, in your Waters? are you mad?

Why Poison is not half so bad.

I'll do it——But I give you Warning,

You'll die before to Morrow Morning.——

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Tis kind, my Dear, what you advise, the Lady with a Sigh replies:

But Life, you know, at best is Pain:

And Death is what we should disdain.

So do it therefore, and Adieu;

For I will die, for Love of you.

Let wanton Wives by Death be scar'd;

But, to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

# Elfo, all field I hings weroil to hard in Woold not avail the field H. Theore

## LADLE.

Wis not by deat of Languar. The

THE Scepticks think 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down Incognito;
To see who were their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions sell or rose.
That, since they gave Things their Beginning;
And set this Whirliging a Spinning;
Supine they in their Heav'n remain,
Exempt from Passion, and from Pain:

Tis

And frankly leave us Human Elves,

To cut and shuffle for our selves:

To stand, or walk; to rise, or tumble;

As Matter, and as Motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters, hold
This Thesis both absurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a Day.
Else, all these Things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single Farthing:
For when the Hero we rehearse,
To grace his Actions, and our Verse,
'Tis not by dint of Human Thought,
That to his Latium he is brought:
Iris descends, by Fate's Commands,
To guide his Steps through Foreign Lands;
And Amphitrite clears his Way,
From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.

And if you see him in a Sketch,

Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache,

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dried Words and less

If all the Favour show fellow,

Note here, that it as the see

He shows not half his Force and Strength,

Strutting in Armour, and at Length:

That He may make his proper Figure,

The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger:

The Nymphs conduct him to the Field:

One holds his Sword, and one his Shield:

Mars standing by afferts his Quarrel;

And Fame slies after with a Lawrel.

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He

These Points, I say, of Speculation,
As 'twere to save or sink the Nation,
Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, resute;
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms sustains the Fight,
'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em;
So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.

Is it in Equilibrio,

If Deities descend or no?

Then let th' Affirmative prevail,

As requisite to form my Tale;

The Armsels conduct him to the Field:

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That those Opinions are the best, would be reconstructed which, in their Nature, most conduce the last To present Ends, and private Use.

Two Gods came, therefore, from above;
One Mercury, the t'other Jove:
The Humour was, it feems, to know,
If all the Favours they bestow,
Could from our own Perversness ease us;
And if our Wish injoy'd would please us.

Discoursing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales their Godships came;
'Till well nigh tir'd, at almost Night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,

That, in Difguise, a God or Goddess

Exerts no supernatival Powers;

But acts on Maxims, much like Ours.

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They spy'd, at last, a Country Farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For Woods before, and Hills behind,
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind;
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing;
Good Grain was sow'd; good Fruit was growing:
Of last Year's Corn in Barns great Store:
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door:
And Wealth, in short, with Peace consented,
That People here should live contented:
But did they in Effect do so?
Have Patience, Friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest Farmer and his Wife
To Years declin'd, from Prime of Life,
Had struggl'd with the Marriage Noose,
(As almost ev'ry Couple does:)
Sometime, My Plague, sometimes, My Darling;
Kissing to Day, to Morrow snarling:
Jointly submitting to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure.

Till Supper and my Wife appear.

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Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd;
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard;
Thought they were Folks that loft their Way;
And ask'd them civilly to ftay:
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed,
They might go on, and be worfe fped.

Of laft Year's Corn in Barns great Store:

The honest I mover and his Vale

Ust East, which admirs no Cure.

All three into the Parlour went:

They complement; they sit; they chat;

Fight o'er the Wars; reform the State:

A thousand knotty Points they clear;

'Till Supper and my Wife appear.

Jove made his Leg, and kis'd the Dame:
Obsequious Hermes did the same.
Jove kis'd the Farmer's Wife, you say;
He did,—but in an honest way:
Oh! not with half that Warmth and Life,
With which he kis'd Amphitryon's Wife.—

Well

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A. Pair of Gods, --- uary never wonder;

A I dle for our Silver Dilli

Well then. Things handfomly were ferv'd,

My Mistress for the Strangers carv'd.

How strong the Beer, how good the Meat,

How loud they laught, how much they eat,

In Epic sumptuous would appear,

Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here.

For I should grieve to have it said,

That, by a fine Description led,

I made my Episode too long,

Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-Cup ferv'd, the Cloth away,

Jove thought it time to show his Play;

Landlord and Landlady, he cry'd,

Folly and Jesting laid aside,

That Ye thus hospitably live,

And Strangers with good Chear receive,

Is mighty grateful to your Betters,

And makes ev'n Gods themselves your Debtors.

To give this Thesis plainer Proof,

You have, to Night, beneath your Roof

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A Pair of Gods; -- nay, never wonder; This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder. I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius, My Page, my Son indeed, but fpurious. Form then three Wishes, You and Madam, And fure as You already had 'em, The Things defir'd, in half an Hour Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.

Thank Ye, great Gods, the Woman fays; Oh! may your Altars ever blaze. A Ladle for our Silver Dish Is what I want, is what I wish. A Ladle! cries the Man, a Ladle! 'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill; What should be Great you turn to Farce, 

the by a fine the forgotton lod,

has Strangers with good Onear receives

With equal Grief and Shame, my Muse The Sequel of the Tale purfues: The Ladle fell into the Room, Tanal and a contract And stuck in old Corifea's Bum : Will of Avention

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Our Couple weep two Wishes past,

And kindly join to form the last;

To ease the Woman's awkward Pain,

And get the Ladle out again.

#### MORAL.

To Thee, to Me, to Elim is anasone

Tis all a With and all a I adle:

That cruel Something a

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,

Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts;

His Head achs for a Coronet;

And who is Bles'd that is not Great?

Some Sense, and more Estate, kind Heav'n To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n; What then? He must have Rule and Sway, And all is wrong 'till He's in Play.

The Miser must make up his Plumb,

And dares not touch the hoarded Sum.

The sickly Dotard wants a Wise,

To draw off his last Dregs of Life.

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(Tie but by way of Staile, )

Our Couple weep two Wifnes raft,

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Against our Peace we arm our Will, Amidst our Plenty, Something still Want of the For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting, To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.

That cruel Something unposses'd

Corrodes and levens all the rest.

That Something, if we could obtain,

Would soon create a future Pain:

And to the Cossin, from the Cradle;

'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

What then ? If and hak. Rate and Swars

Some Sense, and more Estore, had design

To this well-force Teer has few ins

# SIMILE.

The Mifer much make up his Plumb

DEAR Thomas, didft thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop?
There, Thomas, didft thou never fee
('Tis but by way of Simile,)

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Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.

Hateler thy Countrymen have done

So fares it with those merry Blades,

That frisk it under Pindus' Shades;

In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,

They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods:

Still Dancing in an airy Round,

Still pleas'd with their own Verses Sound;

Brought back, how fast so e'er they go;

Always aspiring, always low.

With Lamenels broke, with Blindnels Indica

To have been either Mezerar,

## READING

## Mezeray's HISTORY

OF

# FRANCE.

He noyer gets two Inches higher

Dur here or there, turn Wood or Wire!

Hate'er thy Countrymen have done,
By Law and Wit, by Sword and Gun,

In. Thee is faithfully recited: but it dariff tad'!

And all the Living World, that view and alder al

Thy Work, give Thee the Praifes due:

At once Instructed and Delighted.

Still pleas'd with their olla Vertes Squad's

Yet for the Fame of all these Deeds,

What Begger in the Invalides,

With Lameness broke, with Blindness smitten,

Wish'd ever decently to die,

To have been either Mezeray,

Or any Monarch He has written?

II. Yet

III.

It strange, dear Author, yet it true is,

That down from Pharamond to Louis

All covet Life, yet call it Pain;

All feel the Ill, yet shun the Cure:
Can Sense this Paradox endure?

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Yet

Refolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

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THE COLUMN COOK PROPERTY COLUMN

ceview the dears in laired Action deelt,

Wirh noted White Superior to the reft,

Into the long Records of Ages parts

The Man in graver Tragic known,

Tho' his best Part long since was done,

Still on the Stage desires to tarry:

And He who play'd the Harlequin,

After the Jest still loads the Scene,

Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary.

mugad estatement of bear all most being selected of CAR-

# CARMEN SECULARE

For the Year 1700. HA

#### Can Senle this Para H Tuo T

# Refolve mes Cameray, or Fentaire. Refolve mes Cameray, or Fentaire. G. Refolve mes traver Trace known.

Aspice, venturo latentur ut Omnia Sac'lo: O mihi tam long a maneat pars ultima vitæ Spiritus, & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

The his hell Part long face was done,

Virg. Eclog. 4.

Into the long Records of Ages past;

Review the Years in fairest Action drest,

With noted White Superior to the rest;

Æras deriv'd, and Chronicles begun

From Empires sounded, and from Battels won:

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(1)

Show all the Spoils by valiant Kings atchieved. And groaning Nations by their Arms relieved, more The Wounds of Patriots in their Country's Caufe. And happy Pow'r fuftain'd by wholefom Laws: In comely Rank call ev'ry Merit forth, Imprint on ev'ry Act its Standard Worth: The glorious Parallels then downward bring of T To Modern Wonders, and to Britain's King. With equal Justice and Historic Care Their Laws, their Toils, their Arms with His compare; Confess the various Attributes of Fame Collected and compleat in William's Name; 100 To all the lift'ning World relate, As thou doft his Story read, and ship best at That nothing went before so Great, And nothing Greater can fucceed.

Thy Native Latium was thy darling Care,

Prudent in Peace, and terrible in War:

The boldest Virtues that have govern'd Earth

From Latium's fruitful Womb derive their Birth.

And how much brighter Virtue was then Go

Rebias was Wiles but with exters of

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Then turn to Her fair-written Page,

From dawning Childhood to establish'd Age

The Glories of Her Empire trace:

Confront the Heroes of thy Roman Race,

And let the justest Palm the Victor's Temples grace.

to the four transfer to the mile

The Son of Mars reduc'd the trembling Swains,
And spread his Empire o'er the distant Plains:
But yet, the Sabins violated Charms
Obscur'd the Glory of his rising Arms.
Numa the Rights of strict Religion knew,
On ev'ry Altar laid the Incense due:

Unskill'd to dart the pointed Spear,
Or lead the forward Youth to Noble War.
Stern Brutus was with too much Horror good,
Holding his Fasces stain'd with Filial Blood.
Fabius was Wise, but with excess of Care;
He sav'd his Country, but prolong'd the War.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly Fought;

And by their strict Examples taught,

How wild Desires should be controll'd,

And how much brighter Virtue was, than Gold.

They

They scarce their swelling Thirst of Fame could hide,
And boasted Poverty with too much Pride.

Excess in Youth made Scipio less Rever'd:
And Cato dying seem'd to own, he Fear'd.

Julius with Honour tam'd Rome's foreign Foes;
But Patriots fell, e'er the Dictator rose.

And, while with Clemency Augustus reign'd,
The Monarch was ador'd; the City chain'd.

d and how an educated the Mana

They rope at Lamps defor

With equal Honour be their Merits drest;
But be their Failings too confest:

Their Virtue, like their Tyber's Flood
Rolling, its Course design'd the Country's Good:
But oft the Torrent's too impetuous Speed
From the low Earth tore some polluting Weed;
So with the Blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler Part, some Tincture of the Man.

Few Virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their Vices more than turn the Scale:
Valour grown wild by Pride, and Pow'r by Rage,
Did the true Charms of Majesty impair;

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Rome by degrees advancing more in Age
Show'd fad Remains of what had once been fair,
'Till Heav'n a better Race of Men supplies,
And Glory shoots new Beams from Western Skies.

Julius with Honour tain'd Rome's Jordin Possy Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain, And the long Heroes of the Gallic Strain; de but Experienc'd Chiefs, for hardy Prowefs known. And bloody Wreaths in vent'rous Battels won. From the First William, our great Norman King, The bold Plantagenets and Tendors bring; Illustrious Virtues, who by turns have rose, In foreign Fields to check Britannia's Foes: With happy Laws her Empire to fustain; it is to And with full Power affert her ambient Main: 101 But fometimes too Industrious to be Great, I was Nor Patient to expect the Turns of Fate, They open'd Camps deform'd by Civil Fight, And made proud Conquest trample over Right; Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful Sway, And dreaded Both, when Neither would obey.

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But, as Thou dwell's upon that Heavinly & Name.

The Glorious Offspring of the Nassaw Race,
Devoted Lives to Publick Liberty;
The Chief still dying, or the Country free.
Then see the Kindred Blood of Orange slow,
From warlike Cornet, thro' the Loins of Beau;
Thro' Chalon next; and there with Nassaw join,
From Rhône's fair Banks transplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the Royal List of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted Minds, that rul'd the rugged North;
'Till Heav'n's Decrees by rip'ning Times are shown,
'Till Scotland's Kings ascend the English Throne,
And the fair Rivals live for ever One.

Janus, mighty Deity,

Be kind, and as thy fearching Eye

Does our Modern Story trace,

Finding fome of Stuart's Race

Unhappy, pass their Annals by;

No harsh Resection let Remembrance raise;

Forbear to mention, what thou canst not praise;

Describe his Youth, strend ve to Alart

But

But, as Thou dwell'st upon that Heav'nly \* Name,
To Grief for ever Sacred, as to Fame,
Oh! read it to thy self; in Silence weep;
And thy convulsive Sorrows inward keep;
Lest Britain's Grief should waken at the Sound,
And Blood gush fresh from her Eternal Wound.

Whither would'st thou further look?

Read William's Acts, and close the ample Book:

Peruse the Wonders of his dawning Life,

from warlike Capacts, then the Loins of Beam,

How, like Alcides, he began;
With Infant Patience calm'd Seditious Strife;
And quell'd the Snakes which round his Cradle ran.

And the thin Klyals lived by aver

Describe his Youth, attentive to Alarms,
By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms;
When Conqu'ring mild, when Conquer'd not disgrac'd,
By Wrongs not lessen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd:

Superior to the blind Events
Of little Human Accidents,

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<sup>\*</sup> Maria. Maria.

And constant to his first Decree,

To curb the Proud, to set the Injur'd free,

To bow the haughty Neck, and raise the suppliant

[Knee.]

His opening Years to riper Manhood bring,
And see the Hero perfect in the King;
Imperious Arms by Manly Reason sway'd,
And Power Supreme by free Consent obey'd:
With how much Haste his Mercy meets his Foes,
And how unbounded his Forgiveness slows;
With what Desire he makes his Subjects bless'd,
His Favours granted e'er his Throne address'd;
What Trophies o'er our captiv'd Hearts he rears,
By Arts of Peace more potent than by Wars;
How o'er himself, as o'er the World, he Reigns,
His Morals strength'ning, what his Law ordains.

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And

Thro' all his Thread of Life already spun,

Becoming Grace and proper Action run;

The Piece by Virtue's equal Hand is wrought;

Mix'd with no Crime, and shaded with no Fault;

No

No Footsteps of the Victor's Rage

Left in the Camp, where William did engage;

No Tincture of the Monarch's Pride

Upon the Royal Purple spy'd:

His Fame, like Gold, the more 'tis try'd,

The more shall its intrinsic Worth proclaim,

Shall pass the Combat of the searching Flame,

And triumph o'er the vanquish'd Heat;

For ever coming out the same,

And losing nor its Lustre, nor its Weight.

To faithful History his Actions trust:
Command her, with peculiar Care,
To trace each Toil, and comment ev'ry War:
His saving Wonders bid her write,
In Characters distinctly bright;
That each revolving Age may read
The Patriot's Piety; the Hero's Deed:
And still the Sire inculcate to his Son,
Transmissive Lessons of the King's Renown.

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That William's Glory still may live,
When all that present Art can give,
The Pillar'd Marble, and the Tablet Brass,
Mould'ring, drop the Victor's Praise:

When the great Monuments of his Pow'r

Shall now be visible no more:

When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding Flood; And Children ask, where Namur stood.

Namur, proud City, how her Tow'rs were arm'd!

How she contemn'd th' approaching Foe:
'Till she by William's Trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his Blow!

Jove and Pallas, mighty Pow'rs,

Guided the Hero to the hostile Tow'rs.

Perseus seem'd less swift in War,

When, wing'd with Speed, he flew thro' Air.

Embattel'd Nations strive in vain,

The Hero's Glory to restrain:

Streams arm'd with Rocks, and Mountains red with In vain against his Force conspire: [Fire, Behold Him from the dreadful Height appear,
And lo, Britannia's Lions waving there!

Europe freed, and France repell'd,

The Hero from the Height beheld;

He spake the Word, that War and Rage should cease;

He bid the Maese and Rhine in Safety flow;

And dictated a lasting Peace

To the rejoicing World below.

To rescu'd States, and vindicated Crowns,
His Equal Hand prescrib'd their ancient Bounds,
Ordain'd whom ev'ry Province should obey,
How far each Monarch should extend his Sway;
Taught 'em how Clemency made Pow'r rever'd,
And that the Prince belov'd was truly fear'd:
Firm by his Side unspotted Honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess Him not so Great as Good:
His Head with brighter Beams fair Virtue deckt,
Than those which all his num'rous Crowns reset;
Establish'd Freedom clap'd her joyful Wings,
Proclaim'd the First of Men, and Best of Kings.

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See the state of the seeing Ocean in

Whither would the Muse aspire

With Pindar's Rage without his Fire?

Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a Fault,

Created by too great a Thought:

Mindless of the God and Day,

I from thy Altars, Janus, stray,

From thee, and from my self, born far away.

The siery Pegasus disdains,

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To mind the Rider's Voice, or hear the Reins;
When glorious Fields and opening Camps he views,

He runs with an unbounded Loose;
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong Horse,
Norwouldshe, if she could, check his impetuous Force;
With the glad Noise the Cliffs and Vallies ring,
While she, thro' Earth and Air, pursues the King.

She now beholds him on the Belgic Shore,
Whilst Britain's Tears his ready Help implore,
Dissembling for her sake his rising Cares,
And with wise Silence pond'ring vengeful Wars.

She

Worth that Arms who

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She thro' the raging Ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious Prow;
Combating adverse Winds, and Winter Seas,
Sighing the Moments, that defer our Ease;
Daring to wield the Scepter's dang'rous Weight,
And taking the Command, to save the State;
Tho' e'er the doubtful Gift can be secur'd,
New Wars must be sustain'd, new Wounds endur'd.

Thro' rough Ierne's Camp she sounds Alarms,
And Kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by Arms;
In the dank Marshes sinds her glorious Theme,
And plunges after him thro' Boyn's sierce Stream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling Haste,
To tell old Ocean how the Hero past;
The God rebukes their Fear, and owns the Praise
Worthy that Arm, whose Empire He obeys.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest Victor, and the kindest King.
Albion, with open Triumph, would receive
Her Hero, nor obtains his Leave:

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Firm he rejects the Altars, she would raise;
And thanks the Zeal, while he declines the Praise.

Again she follows him thro' Belgia's Land,
And Countries often sav'd by William's Hand:

Hears joyful Nations bless those happy Toils,
Which freed the People, but return'd the Spoils.

In various Views she tries her constant Theme;
Finds him, in Councils, and in Arms, the same:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to save;

Tardy to Vengeance; and with Mercy brave.

d.

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Sudden, another Scene employs her Sight;
She sets her Hero in another Light:
Paints his great Mind Superior to Success;
Declining Conquest, to establish Peace;
She brings Astrea down to Earth again;
And Quiet, brooding o'er his suture Reign.

Then with unweary'd Wing the Goddess soars, Eastward, to Danube and Propontis Shoars; Where jarring Empires, ready to engage, Retard their Armies, and suspend their Rage;

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Till

#### 152 Poems on several Occasions.

Till William's Word, like that of Fate, declares, If they shall study Peace, or lengthen Wars. How facred his Renown for equal Laws, To whom the World defers its Common Cause! How fair his Friendships, and his Leagues how just, Whom ev'ry Nation courts, whom all Religions trust!

From the Maotis, to the Northern Sea,

The Goddess wings her desp'rate Way;
Sees the young Moscovite, the mighty Head,
Whose Sov'reign Terror forty Nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater Monarch's Praise;
And passing half the Earth, to his Embrace:
She in his Rule beholds his Volga's Force,
O'er Precipices, with impetuous Sway
Breaking, and as he rowls his violent Course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
But her own King she likens to his Thames,
With gentle Course devolving fruitful Streams:
Serene yet Strong, Majestic yet Sedate,
Swift, without Violence; without Terror, Great.

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Each ardent Nymph the rifing Current craves;

Each Shepherd's Prayer retards the parting Waves;

The Vales along the Bank their Sweets disclose;

Fresh Flowers for ever rise, and fruitful Harvest grows.

Yet whither would th' advent'rous Goddess go?

Sees she not Clouds, and Earth, and Main below?

Minds she the Dangers of the Lycian Coast,

And Fields, where mad Belerophon was lost?

Or is her tow'ring Flight reclaim'd

By Seas, from Icarus's Downfal nam'd?

Vain is the Call, and useless the Advice:

To wife perfuation Deaf, and human cries,

Yet upward she incessant slies;

Resolv'd to reach the high Empyrean Sphere;

And tell Great Jove, she sings his Image here:

To ask for William an Olympic Crown,

To Chromius' Strength, and Theron's Speed unknown:

'Till, lost in trackless Fields of shining Day,

Unable to discern the Way,

Which Nassaw's Virtue only could explore,

Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before,

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She, from the noble Precipices thrown,

Comes rushing with uncommon Ruin down.

Glorious Attempt! Unhappy Fate!

The Song too daring, and the Theme too great!

Yet rather thus she wills to die,

Than in continu'd Annals live, to fing

A second Hero, or a vulgar King;

And with ignoble Safety fly,

In sight of Earth, along a middle Sky.

To Janus Altars, and the numerous Throng,
That round his bolted Temples press,
For William's Life, and Albion's Peace,
Ambitious Muse reduce the roving Song.
Janus, cast thy forward Eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant Womb;
Where young Ideas brooding lye,
And tender Images of Things to come:
'Till by thy high Commands releas'd,
'Till by thy Hand in proper Atoms dress'd,
In decent Order they advance to Light:
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human Sight;
And meditate too soon their everlasting Flight.

Nor Beaks of Ships in Naval Triumph born,
Nor Standards from the hostile Rampart torn,

Nor Trophies brought from Battels won,

Nor Oaken Wreath, nor Mural Crown

Can any future Honours give

To the Victorious Monarch's Name:

The Plenitude of William's Fame

Can no accumulated Stores receive.

Shut then, auspicious God, thy Mystic Gate,

And make us Happy, as our King is Great.

Be kind, and with a milder Hand,

Closing the Volumn of the finish'd Age,

(Tho' Noble, 'twas an Iron Page,)

A more delightful Leaf expand,

Free from Alarms, and fierce Bellona's Rage.

Bid the great Months begin their joyful Round,

By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd;

Teach the glad Hours to scatter, as they fly,

Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and endless Joy;

Lead forth the Years for Peace and Plenty fam'd,

From Saturn's Rule, and better Metal nam'd.

Secure

Nor dread the bold Invader's Hand;
From adverse Shores in Safety let her hear
Foreign Calamity, and distant War,
Of which let Her, great Heav'n, no Portion bear.
Betwixt the Nations let her hold the Scale,
And, as she wills, let either Part prevail;
Let her glad Vallies smile with wavy Corn,
Let sleecy Flocks her rising Hills adorn;
Around her Coast let strong Defence be spread,
Let fair Abundance on her Breast be shed,
And let Eternal Sweets bloom round the Goddess
[Head.]

Where the white Towers and ancient Roofs didstand,
Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's Hand;
To Age now yielding, or devour'd by Flame,
Let a young Phenix raise her tow'ring Head;
Her Wings with lengthen'd Honour let her spread,
And by her Greatness show her Builder's Fame.

August and open, as the Hero's Mind,
Be her capacious Courts design'd;

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Let every Sacred Pillar bear

Trophies of Arms, and Monuments of War.

The King shall there in Parian Marble breath,

His Shoulder bleeding fresh, and at his Feet

Disarm'd shall lye the threat'ning Death;

(For so was faving Jove's Decree compleat:)

Behind, that Angel shall be plac'd, whose Shield

Sav'd Europe, in the Blow repell'd:

On the firm Basis, from his Oozy Bed

Boyn shall raise his Laurell'd Head;

And his Immortal Stream be known,

Artfully waving thro' the wounded Stone.

And thou, Imperial Windsor, stand inlarg'd,
With all the Monarch's Trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair Heav'n, that dost the Stars inclose,
Which William's Bosom wears, or Hand bestows
To the great Champions, that support his Throne;
And Virtues nearest to his own.

nd,

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Let

Round Ormand's Knee thou ty'st the mystic String.

That makes the Knight Companion to the King.

From

Born to torgette in

From glorious Camps return'd, and foreign Fields,
Bowing before thy sainted Warrior's Shrine,
Fast by his great Foresathers Coats, and Shields
Blazon'd from Bohun's, or from Butler's Line
He hangs his Arms; nor fears those Arms should shine
With an unequal Ray; or that his Deed
With paler Glory should recede,
Eclyps'd by theirs; or lessen'd by the Fame
Ev'n of his own Maternal Nassaw's Name.

Thou smiling see's great Dorset's Worth consest,
The Ray distinguishing the Patriot's Breast;
Born to protect, and Love; to help, and please;
Sov'raign of Wit; and Ornament of Peace.
O, long as Breath informs this sleeting Frame,
Ne'er let me pass in Silence Dorset's Name;
Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd Debt,
Which the great Patron only would forget,
And Duty, long as Life, must study to acquit.

Renown'd in thy Records shall Ca'ndish stand, Asserting Legal Pow'r, and just Command: Inf

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To the great House thy Favour shall be shown,
The Father's Star transmissive to the Son.
From thee, the Talbot's and the Seymour's Race
Inform'd, their Sire's immortal Steps shall trace:

Happy may their Sons receive

The bright Reward, which thou alone canst give.

ne

To

And, if a God these lucky Numbers guide,

If sure Apollo o'er the Verse preside,

Jersey, belov'd by all: For all must feel

The Instuence of a Form and Mind,

Where comely Grace and constant Virtue dwell;

Like mingl'd Streams, more forcible, when join'd:

Jersey shall at thy Altars stand,

Shall there receive the Azure Band;

That fairest Mark of Favour and of Fame,

Science to raise, and Knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great Master's future Charge;
To write his own Memoirs, and leave his Heirs
High Schemes of Government, and Plans of Wars;
By

Familiar to the Villiers Name.

African residue

By fair Rewards our Noble Youth to raife
To emulous Merit, and to thirst of Praise;
To lead them out from Ease e'er opening Dawn,
Through the thick Forest and the distant Lawn,
Where the sleet Stag employs their ardent Care,
And Chases give them Images of War.
To teach them Vigilance by false Alarms,
Inure them in seign'd Camps to real Arms;
Practise them, now to curb the turning Steed,
Mocking the Foe; now to his rapid Speed
To give the Rein; and in the full Career,
To draw the certain Sword, or send the pointed Spean.

Let him unite his Subjects Hearts,

Planting Societies for peaceful Arts;

Some that in Nature shall true Knowledge found,
And by Experiment make Precept found;

Some that to Morals shall recal the Age,
And purge from vitious Dross the sinking Stage;

Some that with Care true Eloquence shall teach,
And to just Ideoms six our doubtful Speech:

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That distant Realms may from our Authors know,
The Thanks we to our Monarch owe;
And Schools profess our Tongue through ev'ry Land,
That have invok'd his Aid, or blest his Hand.

Let his high Power the drooping Muses rear;
The Muses only can reward his Care:
'Tis they that guard the Great Atrides' Spoils;
'Tis they that still renew Ulysses's Toils;
To them by smiling Jove 'twas given, to save Distinguish'd Patriots from the Common Grave;
To them, Great William's Glory to recal,
When Statues moulder, and when Arches fall.
Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful Pride,
The Sources of their Treasure hide;
The Heroes Virtue does the String inspire,
When with big Joy they strike the living Lyre:
On William's Fame their Fate depends,
The Song with him begins, with him it ends;
From the bright Effluence of his Deed,

That

ear.

With

They borrow that reflected Light,

#### 162 Poems on several Occasions.

With which the lasting Lamp they feed, Whose Beams dispel the Damps of envious Night.

Through various Climes, and to each distant Pole,
In happy Tides let active Commerce rowl;
Let Britain's Ships export an Annual Fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece;
Returning loaden with the shining Stores,
Which lye profuse on either India's Shores.
As our high Vessels pass their watry Way,
Let all the Naval World due Homage pay;
With hasty Reverence their Top-Honours lower,
Confessing the afferted Power,
To whom by Fate 'twas given with happy Sway,
To calm the Earth, and vindicate the Sea.

Our Prayers are heard, our Master's Fleets shall go As far as Winds can bear, or Waters slow; New Lands to make, new *Indies* to explore, In Worlds unknown to plant *Britannia*'s Power; Nations yet wild by Precept to reclaim, And teach 'em Arms, and Arts, in *William's* Name. Wit

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When the Great Failner's Characteristics find

With humble Joy, and with respectful Fear,

The list ning People shall his Story hear;

The Wounds he bore, the Dangers he sustain'd,

How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;

Shall own his Mercy equal to his Fame,

And form their Childrens Accents to his Name,

Enquiring how, and when, from Heav'n he came.

Their Regal Tyrants shall, with Blushes, hide

Their little Lusts of Arbitrary Pride,

Nor bear to see their Vassals ty'd:

When William's Virtues raise their opening Thought, His forty Years for Public Freedom fought,

Europe by his Hand sustain'd,
His Conquest by his Piety restrain'd,
And o'er himself the last great Triumph gain'd.

Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Dis

No longer shall their wretched Zeal adore
Ideas of destructive Power,
Spirits that hurt, and Godheads that devour:
New Incense they shall bring, new Altars raise,
And sill their Temples with a Stranger's Praise,

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me. With When the Great Father's Character they find Visibly stampt upon the Hero's Mind; And own a present Deity confest, In Valour that preserv'd, and Power that blest.

Through the large Convex of the Azure Sky,

(For thither Nature casts our common Eye)

Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light,

And Comets march with lawless Horror bright;

These hear no Rule, no righteous Order own,

Their Insluence dreaded, as their Ways unknown;

Thro' threaten'd Lands they wild Destruction throw,

'Till ardent Prayer averts the Public Woe:

But the bright Orb that blesses all above,

The sacred Fire, the real Son of Jove,

Rules not his Actions by Capricious Will,

Nor by ungovern'd Power declines to Ill;

Fix'd by just Laws He goes for ever right;

Man knows his Course, and thence adores his Light.

O Janus! would intreated Fate conspire,
To grant what Britain's Wishes could require,

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Above, that Sun should cease his Way to go, E'er William cease to rule, and bless below;

But a relentless Destiny and and ano all but A

Urges all that e'er was born:

Snatch'd from her Arms, Britannia once must mourn

The Demi-God: The Earthly Half must die.

Yet if our Incense can your Wrath remove,

If human Prayers avail on Minds above;

Exert, great God, thy Int'rest in the Sky,

Gain each kind Pow'r, each Guardian Deity,

That, conquer'd by the publick Vow, garage of

They bear the difmal Mischief long away;

O, far as utmost Nature may allow,

Let them retard the threaten'd Day:

Still be our Mafter's Life thy happy Care;

Still let his Bleffings with his Years increase:

To his laborious Youth confum'd in War,

Add lafting Age, adorn'd and crown'd with Peace:

Let twisted Olive bind those Laurels fast,

Whose Verdure must for ever last.

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row,

Long

above, that Sun files it cease his ways to go,

Long let this growing Era bless his Sway; And let our Sons his prefent Rule obey: On his fure Virtue long let Earth rely; And late let the Imperial Eagle fly, To bear the Hero thro' his Fathers Sky; To Leda's Twins; or He whose glorious Speed On Foot prevail'd; or He who tam'd the Steed: To Hercules, at length absolv'd by Fate From Earthly Toil, and above Envy great: To Virgil's Theme bright Cytherea's Son, Sire of the Latian, and the British Throne: To all the radiant Names above, Rever'd by Men, and dear to Jove. Late, Janus, let the Nassaw-Star, New born, in rifing Majesty appear; To triumph over vanquish'd Night; And guide the prosp'rous Mariner, With everlafting Beams of friendly Light.

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THE FIRST

## HYMN

OF

## CALLIMACHUS.

TO

### JUPITER.

Whom apter shall we sing than Jove himself,
The God for ever great, for ever King?
Who slew the Earth-born Race, and measures right
To Heav'ns great Habitants; Dictean hear'st thou
More joyful, or Lycean, long Dispute
And various Thought has trac'd; on Ida's Mount
Or Dicte, studious of his Country's Praise
The Cretan boasts thy Natal Place, but oft
He meets Reproof, deserv'd; for he presumptuous
Has built a Tomb for Thee, who never know'st

HE

### 168 Poems on several Occasions.

To die, but liv'ft the same to Day and ever. Arcadian therefore be thy Birth, great Rhea Pregnant, to high Parrhasia's Cliffs retir'd. And wild Lycaus, black with shading Pines: Holy Retreat: Sithence no Female hither, Conscious of Social Love and Nature's Rites. Must dare approach, from the inferior Reptile To Woman, Form Divine: There the bleft Parent Ungirt her spacious Bosom, and discharg'd The pond'rous Birth; she fought a neighb'ring Spring, To wash the recent Babe; in vain, Arcadia However streamy now, adust and dry Deny'd the Goddess Water; where deep Melas And rocky Cratis flow, the Chariot smoak'd, Obscure with rising Dust; the thirsty Trav'ler In vain requir'd the Current, then imprison'd In fubterranean Caverns; Forests grew Upon the barren Hollows, high o'ershading The Haunts of Savage Beafts, where now Jaon, And Eximanth incline their friendly Urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea faid, bring forth; And short shall be thy Pangs: She faid, and high She rear'd her Arm, and with her Scepter flruck The vawning Cliff; from its disparted Height Adown the Mount the gushing Torrent ran, And chear'd the Vallies: There the heav'nly Mother Bath'd, mighty King, thy tender Limbs; she wrapt them In Purple Bands: The gave the precious Pledge To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee Careful and fecret: Neda of the Nymphs That tended the great Birth, next Philyre And Styx, the eldeft; fmiling, she receiv'd thee, And conscious of the Grace absolv'd her Trust: Not unrewarded; fince the River bore The Fav'rite Virgin's Name; fair Neda rowls By Leprion's ancient Walls, a fruitful Stream: Fast by her flow'ry Bank the Sons of Arcas, Fav'rites of Heav'n, with happy Care protect Their fleecy Charge; and joyous drink her Wave.

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Thou

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Thee, God, to Cnossus Neda brought; the Nymphs And Corybantes Thee their facred Charge Receiv'd: Adraste rock'd thy golden Cradle: The Goat, now bright amidst her fellow Stars, Kind Amalthea reach'd her Tett, distent With Milk, thy early Food; the fedulous Bee Distill'd her Honey on thy purple Lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes, Order folemn To thy foreknowing Mother, trod tumultuous Their Mystic Dance, and clang'd their founding Arms; Industrious with the warlike Din to quell Thy Infant Cries; and mock the Ear of Saturn.

Swift Growth and wondrous Grace, O heav'nly Jove, Waited thy blooming Years: Inventive Wit, And perfect Judgment crown'd thy youthful Act. That Saturn's Sons receiv'd the threefold Empire Of Heav'n, of Ocean, and deep Hell beneath, As the dark Urn and Chance of Lot determin'd,

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Old Poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighb'ring Value
By Lot are parted: But high Heav'n, thy Share,
In equal Balance laid 'gainst Sea or Hell
Flings up the adverse Scale, and shuns Proportion.
Wherefore not Chance but Pow'r, above thy Brethren
Exalted thee, their King: When thy great Will
Commands thy Chariot forth, impetuous Strength
And siery Swistness wing the rapid Wheels,
Incessant; high the Eagle slies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine consult thy Augur,
Grant the glad Omen; let thy Fav'rite rise
Propitious; ever soaring from the Right.

Thou to the leffer Gods hast well assign'd
Their proper Shares of Pow'r, thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal: Those who labour
The sweaty Forge, who edge the crooked Scythe,
Bend stubborn Steel, and harden gleening Armour,
Acknowlege Vulcan's Aid: The early Hunter
Blesses Diana's Hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging Cliss, who spreads his Net successful,
And

And guides the Arrow through the Panther's Heart. The Soldier from successful Camps returning, With Laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile Spoil, Severs the Bull to Mars: The skilful Bard, Striking the Thracian Harp, invokes Apollo, To make his Hero and himself Immortal. Those, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious Care, Who model Nations; publish Laws; anounce Or Life, or Death; and found, or change the Empire: Man owns the Pow'r of Kings; and Kings of Jove.

And as their Actions tend subordinate

To what thy Will designs, thou giv'st the Means

Proportion'd to the Work; thou seest, impartial,

How they those Means imploy: Each Monarch rules

His different Realm, accountable to Thee,

Great Ruler of the World: These only have

To speak and be obey'd; to those are giv'n

Assistant Days to ripen the Design;

To some whole Months; revolving Years to some:

Others, ill sated, are condemn'd to toil

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Their tedious Life, and mourn their Purpose blasted With fruitless Act, and Impotence of Council.

Hail! greatest Son of Saturn, wise Disposer
Of every Good, thy Praise what Man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our Prayer,
Great Father; grant us Virtue, grant us Wealth:
For without Virtue Wealth to Man avails not;
And Virtue without Wealth exerts less Pow'r,
And less diffuses Good. Then grant us, Gracious,
Virtue, and Wealth; for both are of thy Gift.

PRO-

# PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT

### COURT

BEFORE THE

# QUEEN,

On Her Majesty's Birth-Day,

 $170\frac{3}{4}$ .

Shine forth, ye Planets, with distinguish'd Light, As when ye hallow'd first this Happy Night: Again transmit your Friendly Beams to Earth, As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's Birth: And thou, propitious Star, whose facred Power Presided o'er the Monarch's Natal Hour, Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run; Yielding to none but Cynthia, and the Sun:

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With thy fair Aspect still illustrate Heav'n;
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n:
Thy Insluence for thy Anna we implore;
Prolong one Life, and Britain asks no more.
For Virtue can no ampler Power express,
Than to be Great in War, and Good in Peace:
For Thought no higher Wish of Bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that Virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the Monarch's Rule must prove,
Who founds her Greatness on her Subjects Love;
Who does our Homage for our Good require,
And Orders that which we should first Desire:
Our vanquish'd Wills that pleasing Force obey;
Her Goodness takes our Liberty away;
And haughty Britain yields to Arbitrary Sway.

Let the Young Austrian then her Terrors bear,
Great as he is, her Delegate in War;
Let him in Thunder speak to both his Spains,
That in these Dreadful Isles a Woman Reigns.
Whilst the Bright Queen does on her Subjects show'r
The gentle Blessings of her softer Pow'r;

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Vith

Gives

Gives facred Morals to a vicious Age,

To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage:

Bids the chafte Muse without a Blush appear,

And Wit be that which Heav'n and She may hear.

Minerva thus to Perseus lent her Shield,
Secure of Conquest sent him to the Field;
The Hero acted what the Queen ordain'd;
So was his Fame compleat, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time, amidst her Native Temples sate

The Goddess, studious of Her Gracian's Fate.

Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to excel,

In Acting justly, and in Writing well.

Thus whilst She did her various Pow'r dispose,

The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars, and Woes.

Virtue was taught in Verse, and Athens' Glory rose.

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### Admits him in amongst the Gang: They jest reply, dist Hat Tame

# CAMELEON.

S the Cameleon, who is known and and I To have no Colours of his own; it is Mail But borrows from his Neighbour's Hue His White, or Black; his Green, or Blue; And struts as much in ready Light, a bas been sed T Which Credit gives him upon Sight, and as her all As if the Rain-bow were in Tail adding off Settl'd on him, and his Heirs Male. So the young Squire, when first he comes From Country School to Will's or Tom's; And equally (G-d knows) is fit To be a Statesman, or a Wit: Without one Notion of his own, He faunters wildly up and down, With Folks who Till fome Acquaintance, good or bad, Takes notice of a staring Lad;

d.

Admits him in amongst the Gang: They jest, reply, dispute, harangue: He acts and talks, as they befriend him: Smear'd with the Colours, which they lend him.

Thus, meerly as his Fortune chances, His Merit or his Vice advances.

If haply he the Sect pursues, That read and comment upon News; He takes up their mysterious Face; He drinks his Coffee without Lace: This Week his mimic Tongue runs o'er What they have faid the Week before; His Wisdom sets all Europe right, And teaches Marlb'rough when to fight.

Or, if it be his Fate to meet With Folks who have more Wealth than Wit: He loves cheap Port, and double Bub, And fettles in the Hum Drum Club.

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He learns how Stocks will fall or rife;
Holds Poverty the greatest Vice:
Thinks Wit the Bane of Conversation;
And says that Learning spoils a Nation.

But, if at first he minds his Hits,
And drinks Champaine among the Wits:
Five deep he toasts the tow'ring Lasses;
Repeats you Verses writ on Glasses:
Is in the Chair; prescribes the Law;
And lyes with Those he never saw.

# A Dutch Proverb.

FIRE, Water, Woman, are Man's Ruin.

Says wife Professor Vander Brüin.

By Flames a House I hir'd was lost

Last Year, and I must pay the Cost.

This Spring, the Rains o'erslow'd my Ground;

And my best Flanders Mare was drown'd.

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A Slave I am to Clara's Eyes;
The Gipsey knows her Pow'r, and flies.
Fire, Water, Woman, are My Ruin;
And great Thy Wisdom, Vander Brüin.

## To CLOE, Weeping.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
The World in Sympathy with Thee.
The chearful Birds no longer sing,
But drop the Head, and hang the Wing.
The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower,
And shed their Sorrows in a Show'r.
The Brooks beyond their Limits slow,
And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
The Nymphs and Swains adopt Thy Cares,
They heave Thy Sighs, and weep Thy Tears.
Fantastick Nymph! that Grief should move
The Heart obdurate against Love.
Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften all,
But that dear Breast on which they fall.

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Say

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E'er

To

## An ODE.

Inscribed to the Memory of the

Honble Col. George Villiers,

Drowned in the River Piava, in the Country of Friuli.

In Imitation of Horace, Ode 28. Lib. 1.

Te Maris & Terræ numeroque carentis arenæ Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

Say, what did all thy Busie Hopes avail,
That anxious thou from Pole to Pole didst sail;
E'er on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?

What prefited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares, In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years? To wake e'er Morning dawn to loud Alarms, And march 'till close of Night in heavy Arms? To scorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows, And search thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes? That thou might'st Fortune to thy side ingage; That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's Rage, And Anna's Bounty crown her Soldier's hoary Age?

In vain we think that free-will'd Man has pow'r,
To hasten or protract the pointed Hour.
Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor miss-led by Chance,
Imperious Death directs the Ebon Lance;
Dance,
Peoples great Henry's Tombs, and leads up Holben's

Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage:
For neither William's Pow'r, nor Mary's Charms
Could or repel, or pacific his Arms.

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Young Churchill fell as Life began to bloom, And Bradford's trembling Age expects the Tomb. Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead One Moment's Respite for the learned Head: Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd; Mecanas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde. And in their various Turns the Sons must tread Those gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did fo long maintain, That Bodies die, but Souls return again, With all the Births and Deaths he had in store, Went out Pythagoras, and came no more. And modern Af—l, whose capricious Thought Is yet with Stores of wilder Notion fraught, Too foon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath, Which play'd fo idly with the Darts of Death.

Some from the stranded Vessel force their way Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea. Some who escape the Fury of the Wave, Sicken on Earth, and fink into a Grave.

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In Journeys, or at home; in War, or Peace;
By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease.
Each changing Season does its Poison bring;
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blast the Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act subservient to the Tyrant's Pow'r;
And, when obedient Nature knows His Will,
A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads;
And on the spacious Land and liquid Main
Spreads slow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain;
Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.

On curst Piava's Banks the Goddess stood,
Show'd her dire Warrant to the rising Flood;
When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal Speed was urging his Return,
In his dear Country to disperse his Care,
And arm himself by Rest for suture War:

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To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,
And promise to their Joys his elder Years.

Oh! destin'd Head, and oh! severe Decree;
Nor native Country thou, nor Friend shalt see;
Nor War hast thou to wage, nor Year to come:
Impending Death is thine, and instant Doom.

Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd;
Winds murmur, Snows descend, and Waters spread:
Oh! Kinsman, Friend,—Oh! vain are all the Cries
Of human Voice, strong Destiny replies;
Weep you on Earth, for he shall Sleep below;
Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
To this sad River, or the neighbouring Meads;
If thou may'st happen on the dreary Shoars
To find the Object which this Verse deplores,
Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand,
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;

ourn,

Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave,

The only Honour he can now receive;

And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw;

And plant the Warrior Laurel o'er his Brow:

Light lye the Earth; and flourish green the Bough!

So may just Heav'n secure thy suture Life
From foreign Dangers, and domestic Strife:
And when th' Infernal Judges dismal Power
From the dark Urn shall throw Thy destin'd Hour,
When yielding to the Sentence, breathless Thou
And pale shalt lye, as what thou buriest now,
May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rites perform, to that which once was Thee.

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## LETTER

TO

Monsieur Boileau;

Occasion'd by the

### VICTORY

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BLENHEIM,

1704.

Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim Quivis horrentia Pilis
Agmina, nec Fractà pereuntes cuspide Gallos—
Hor. Sat. 1. L. 2.

Since hir'd for Life, thy Servile Muse must sing Successive Conquests, and a glorious King; Must of a Man Immortal vainly boast; And bring him Lawrels, whatsoe'er they cost:

What

What Turn wilt thou employ, what Colours lay On the Event of that Superior Day, In which one English Subject's prosp'rous Hand, (So Jove did will, so Anna did command;) Broke the proud Column of thy Master's Praise, Which sixty Winters had conspir'd to raise?

From the I oft Field a hundred Standards brought Must be the 'Work of Chance, and Fortune's Fault. Bavaria's Stars must be accus'd, which shone, That satal Day the mighty Work was done, With Rays oblique upon the Gallic Sun.

Some Danson envying France miss-led the Fight; And Mars mistook, the Louis order'd right.

When 'thy \* young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,
What Work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to Rhime?
And tho' the Poet made his last Efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in Heroic—Wurts?

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<sup>\*</sup> Epistre 4 du Sr. Boileau Dépreaux au Roy. En vain, pour Te Louer, &c.

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But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain

Of the rough Triumphs of the last Campaign?

The Danube rescu'd, and the Empire sav'd;

Say, is the Majesty of Verse retriev'd?

And would it prejudice thy softer Vein,

To sing the Princes Louis or Eugene?

Is it too hard in happy Verse to place

The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maes?

Her Warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,

That France may fall by more harmonious Names.

Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumly bear?

Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy Ear?

And is there not a Sound in Marlbrô's Name,

Which thou and all thy Brethren ought to claim,

Sacred to Verse, and sure of endless Fame?

Cutts is in Meeter something harsh to read,

Place me the Valiant Gouram in his stead:

Let the Intention make the Number good,

Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.

And the rough Churchil scarce in Verse will stand,

So as to have one Rhime at his Command,

Sociations exclusion, Buttalins twenty fix:

With

With Ease the Bard reciting Blenheim's Plain
May close the Verse, remembring but the Dane.

I grant, old Friend, old Foe, (for such we are Alternate, as the Chance of Peace and War,)

That we Poetic Folks, who must restrain

Our measur'd Sayings in an equal Chain,

Have Troubles utterly unknown to Those,

Who let their Fancy loose in rambling Prose.

For instance now, how hard it is for Me
To make my Matter and my Verse agree?

In one great Day on Hochstet's fatal Plain
French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain;
Push'd thro' the Danube to the Shoars of Styx
Squadrons eighteen, Battalions twenty six:
Officers Captive made and private Men,
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
Tents, Ammunition, Colours, Carriages,
Cannons and Kettle-Drums—sweet Numbers these.
But is it thus you English Bards compose?
With Runick Lays thus tag insipid Prose?

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And when you should your Heroes Deeds rehearse, Give us a Commissary's List in Verse?

Why Faith, Depreaux, there's Sense in what you say:
I told you where my Difficulty lay:
So vast, so numerous were great Blenheim's Spoils,
They scorn the Bounds of Verse, and mock the Muses
To make the rough Recital aptly chime,
Or bring the Sum of Louis' Loss to Rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: What Poet would essay
To count the Streamers of my Lord Mayor's Day?
To number all the several Dishes dress
By honest Lamb, last Coronation Feast?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
And Newton's Thoughts in Dryden's Stile repeat?

O Poet, had it been Apollo's Will,

That I had shar'd a Portion of thy Skill,

Had this poor Breast receiv'd the Heav'nly Beam,

Or could I hope my Verse might reach my Theam,

Yet, Boileau, yet the lab'ring Muse should strive,

Beneath the Shades of Marlbro's Wreaths to live:

Should

Should call aspiring Gods to bless her Choice,
And to their Fav'rites Strain exalt her Voice,
Arms and a Queen to Sing; who, Great and Good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wond'ring Flood
Sent forth the Terror of her high Commands,
To save the Nations from invading Hands;
To prop fair Liberty's declining Cause,
And six the jarring World with equal Laws.

The Queen should sit in Windsor's sacred Grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love,
Both should with equal Zeal her Smiles implore,
To six her Joys, or to extend her Pow'r.

Orbitist the Sum of Louis' Lefe to

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear;
And as great Anna's Smiles dispel their Fear,
With active Dance should her Observance claim;
With vocal Shell should sound her happy Name.
Their Master Thames should leave the neighbring By his strong Anchor known, and Silver Oar; [Shoar, Should lay his Ensigns at his Sov'raigns Feet,
And Audience mild with humble Grace intreat.

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To Her his dear Defence he should complain,
That whilst he blesses Her indulgent Reign,
Whilst furthest Seas are by his Fleets survey'd,
And on his happy Banks each India laid,
His Breth'ren Maes, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar
Feel the hard Burthen of oppressive War;
That Danube scarce retains his rightful Course
Against two Rebel Armies neighb'ring Force:
And all must weep sad Captives to the Sein,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's Queen.

The valiant Sov'raign calls Her Gen'ral forth,

Neither recites Her Bounty, nor his Worth.

She tells him he must Europe's Fate redeem,

And by that Labour merit Her Esteem:

She bids him wait Her to the Sacred Hall,

Shows him Prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul.

Fixing the bloody Cross upon his Breast,

Says he must Die, or succour the Distress'd;

Placing the Saint an Emblem by his Side,

She tells him Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.

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The Hero bows obedient, and retires;
The Queen's Commands exalt the Warrior's Fires.
His Steps are to the filent Woods inclin'd,
The great Defign revolving in his Mind:
When to his Sight a Heav'nly Form appears,
Her Hand a Palm, her Head a Lawrel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest Child of Jove,
Below for ever sought, and bles'd above;
Me, the bright Source of Wealth, and Power, and Fame;
(Nor need I say Victoria is my Name)
Me, the great Father down to Thee has sent,
He bids me wait at Thy distinguish'd Tent,
To execute what Anna's Wish would have:
Her Subject Thou, I only am her Slave.

Dare then, thou much belov'd by similing Fate;
For Anna's Sake, and in her Name, be Great:
Go forth, and be to distant Nations known,
My suture Fav'rite, and my darling Son.

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At Schellenberg I'll manifest sustain
Thy glorious Cause, and spread my Wings again
Conspicuous o'er thy Helm, in Blenheim's Plain.

The Goddess said, nor would admit Reply, But cut the liquid Air, and gain'd the Sky.

His high Commission is thro' Britain known,
And thronging Armies to his Standard run.
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails;
(Bless him, ye Seas! and prosper him, ye Gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her Shores,
And William's Death with lessen'd Grief deplores.
His Presence only must retrieve that Loss:
Marlbrô to her must be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from these low Aboads
Recall'd, was gather'd to his Kindred Gods,
Alcides respited by prudent Fate,
Sustain'd the Ball, nor droop'd beneath the Weight.

Secret and swift behold the Chief advance,
Sees half the Empire join'd and Friend to France;

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The English General dooms the Fight: His Sword
Dreadful he draws: The Captains wait the Word:
Anne and St. George, the charging Hero cries;
Shrill Eccho from the neighb'ring Wood replies
Anne and St. George;—at that auspicious Sign
The Standards move, the adverse Armies join.
Of eight great Hours Time measures out the Sands,
And Europe's Fate in doubtful Ballance stands;
The ninth Victoria comes—o'er Marlbro's Head.
Confess'd she sits, the Hostile Troops recede—
Triumphs the Goddess, from her Promise free'd.

The Eagle, by the British Lions Might Unchain'd and free, directs her upward Flight, Nor did she e'er with stronger Pinions soar From Tyber's Banks, than now from Danube's Shoar

I bound and or Frederic and b

Fir'd with the Thoughts which these Idea's raise And great Ambition of my Country's Praise,
The British Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
Scornful of Earth and Clouds, should reach the Skies,
With Wonder (tho' with Envy still) pursu'd by
human Eyes.

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But we must change the Stile-just now I said, Ine'er was Master of the tuneful Trade, Or the small Genius which my Youth could boast In Profe and Business lyes extinct and lost; Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite, Point out the Game, and animate the Flight: That from Marseilles to Calais France may know? As we have Conqu'rors we have Poets too; And either Laurel does in Britain grow. That tho' amongst our felves, with too much Heat, We fometimes wrangle when we should debate; (A confequential III which Freedom draws; A bad Effect, but from a Noble Caufe:) We can with univerfal Zeal advance, To curb the faithless Arrogance of France. Nor ever shall Britannia's Sons refuse To answer to thy Master, or thy Muse; Nor want just Subject for victorious Strains, While Marlbrô's Arm eternal Laurel gains, And where old Spencer fung, a new Elisa reigns.

## LOVE Disarm'd.

Beneath a Myrtle's verdant Shade

As Cloe half asleep was laid,

Cupid perch'd lightly on her Breast,

And in that Heav'n desir'd to rest;

Over her Paps his Wings he spread,

Between he found a downy Bed,

And nestl'd in his little Head.

Still lay the God: The Nymph furpriz'd, Yet Mistress of her self, devis'd How she the Vagrant might inthral, And Captive Him who Captives all.

Her Boddice half way she unlac'd, About his Arms she slily cast The silken Bond, and held him fast.

The God awak'd, and thrice in vain He strove to break the cruel Chain, And

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And thrice in vain he shook his Wing,
Incumber'd in the silken String:
Flutt'ring the God and weeping said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous Maid;
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy Bosom lost his Way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended Harm to Thee.

Palies his Life in barmless Play:

Olves Geleh entPleaftre affi

To me pertains not, she replies,

To know or care where Cupid slies,

What are his Haunts, or which his Way,

Where he would dwell, or whither stray:

Yet will I never set thee free;

For Harm was meant, and Harm to Me.

Vain Fears that vex thy Virgin Heart!
I'll give thee up my Bow and Dart;
Untangle but this cruel Chain,
And freely let me fly again.

And

Agreed:

ti thrice in vain be thook his Wine.

Sees inhappy Prister Free,

Will have state and will

Agreeds

Agreed: Secure my Virgin Heart,
Instant give up thy Bow and Dart:
The Chain I'll in return untie,
And freely thou again shalt fly.

Thus She the Captive did deliver:

The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.

The God disarm'd, e'er since that Day

Passes his Life in harmless Play:

Flies round, or sits upon her Breast;

A little, slutt'ring, idle Guest.

E'er since that Day the beauteous Maid
Governs the World in Cupid's stead.

Directs his Arrow as She wills;

Gives Grief, or Pleasure; spares, or kills.

Cupid

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# Cupid and Ganymede.

Wis Bowl pure Gold, the very lame at

In Wise Anacreon, Ganymede

In wise Anacreon, Ganymede

Drew heedless Cupid in to throw

A Main, to pass an Hour, or so.

The little Trojan, by the way,

By Hermes taught, play'd all the Play.

The God unhappily engag'd;

By Nature rash, by Play enrag'd,

Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;

Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted:

In ready Mony, all the Store

Pick'd up long since from Danae's Show'r:

A Snush-Box, set with bleeding Hearts

Rubies, all pierc'd with Diamond Darts:

His Nine-pins, made of Myrtle Wood;

The Tree in Ida's Forest stood:

dW

His Bowl pure Gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian Dame:
Two Table-Books in Shagreen Covers,
Fill'd with good Verse from real Lovers;
Merchandise rare: A Billet-doux,
It's Matter passionate, yet true:
Heaps of Hair Rings, and cypher'd Seals:
Rich Trisses; serious Bagatelles.

What fad Diforders Play begets?

Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets

Those Darts, whose Points make Gods adore

His Might, and deprecate his Pow'r:

Those Darts, whence all our Joy and Pain

Arise; those Darts—come, Seven's the Main,

Cries Ganymede: The usual Trick:

Seven, slur a Six; Eleven: A Nick.

Inclinic Traign, by the way

Ill News goes fast: 'Twas quickly known,
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than Lightning Venus slew:
Too late She found the thing too true.

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Guess how the Goddess greets her Sont Come hither, Sirrah; no, begon; And, hark ye, is it fo indeed? A Comrade you for Ganymede? An Imp as wicked for his Age, As any earthly Lady's Page; A Scandal and a Scourge to Troy: A Prince's Son? A Black-guard Boy: A Sharper, that with Box and Dice Draws in young Deities to Vice. All Heav'n is by the Ears together, Since first that little Rogue came hither: Juno her self has had no Peace: And truly I've been favour'd less: For Jove, as Fame reports, (but Fame Says things not fit for Me to name.) Has acted ill for fuch a God, And taken Ways extreamly odd.

And thou, unhappy Child, she said,
(Her Anger by her Grief allay'd)

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Unhappy Child, who thus hast lost
All the Estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy Name despis'd, thy Weakness known?
Nor shall thy Shrine on Earth be crown'd:
Nor shall thy Pow'r in Heav'n be own'd,
When thou,' nor Man, nor God canst wound.

Obedient Cupid kneeling cry'd,
Cease, dearest Mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a Cheat, and I'm a Bubble:
Yet why this great Excess of Trouble?
The Dice were false; the Darts are gone;
Yet how are You or I undone?
The Loss of these I can supply
With keener Darts from Cloe's Eye:
Fear not We e'er can be disgrac'd,
While that bright Magazine shall last:
Your crowded Altars still shall smoke,
And Man your Friendly Aid invoke;
Fove shall again revere your Pow'r,
And rise a Swan; or fall a Show'r.

#### FOR

### The Plan of a Fountain,

On which is

The QUEEN's Effigies on a Triumphal Arch,

The Duke of MARLBROUGH on Horseback under the Arch,

#### AND

The Chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

E active Streams, where-e'er your Waters flow, Let distant Climes and furthest Nations know, What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught, How Anne commanded, and how Marlbrô fought.

Quàcunque æterno properatis, Flumina, lapsu, Divisis latè Terris, populisque remotis Dicite, nam vobis Tamisis narravit & Ister, Anna quid Imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus Armis.

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## EPILOGUE

T.O

### PHADRA,

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, who acted Ifmena.

Adies, to Night your Pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before:
An Oxford Man, extreamly read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phadra speak;
And comes to Town, to let us Moderns know,
How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago.

If that be all, faid I, e'en burn your Play;
I' gad we know all that, as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Career;

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Our Souls would kindle with as gen'rous Flames,

As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian Dames:

Ev'ry Ismena would resign her Breast,

And ev'ry dear Hippolytus be blest.

He thould have fest a Night or two before

And Sports closes, in principle than han

But, as it is, fix flouncing Flanders Mares

Are e'en as good as any two of Theirs;

And if Hippolytus can but contrive

To buy the gilded Chariot, John can drive.

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Now of the Bustle you have seen to Day,
And Phædra's Morals in this Scholar's Play,
Something at least in Justice should be faid:
But this Hippolytus so fills ones Head—
Well! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she cou'd,
For she was Father Jove's own Flesh and Blood;
Her aukward Love indeed was odly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:
But when He came, what needed He to know,
But that all Matters stood in Statu quo:

There

Storil

There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
She might want Conduct, but He wanted Care.
'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude—
He should have sent a Night or two before,
That He would come exact at such an Hour;
Then He had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his Rest;
The Picquet Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
And Spouse alone, impatient for her Dear.

New of the Buffs von base feet to

Bhoneff Theyberg that Bernstee by the

Burthat all Matter stood in State was a

But if these gay Resections come too late,

To keep the guilty Phadra from her Fate,

If your more serious Judgment must condemn

The dire Essects of her unhappy Flame:

Yet, ye chaste Matrons, and ye tender Fair,

Let Love and Innocence engage your Care;

My spotless Flames to your Protection take,

And spare poor Phadra for Ismena's sake.

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## Mr. HOWARD:

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### An OD E.

O Howard, and love of the Gratient

To Great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling Idol of his Captive Heart,
And the pleas'd Mistress to the Painter sat,
To have her Charms recorded by his Art:

Sidemanol of History bellev used 1 S. S.

The am'rous Master own'd her potent Eyes,
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembl'd as he drew;
Each flowing Line confirm'd his first Surprize,
And as the Piece advanc'd, the Passion grew.

III.

While Philip's Son, while Venus' Son was near,
What different Tortures does his Bosom feel?
Great was the Rival, and the God severe,
Nor could he hide his Flame, nor durst reveal.

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IV. The

IV.

The Prince renown'd in Bounty as in Arms
With Pity faw the ill-conceal'd Distress;
Quitted his Title to Campaspe's Charms,
And gave the Fair one to the Friend's Embrace.

V.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe fate to Thee,
O Howard, emu'lous of the Gracian Art;
But happy Thou from Cupid's Arrow free,
And Flames that pierc'd thy Predecessor's Heart.
VI.

Had thy poor Breast receiv'd an equal Pain,

Had I been vested with the Monarch's Pow'r,

Thou must have sigh'd, unhappy Youth, in vain,

Nor from my Bounty hadst thou found a Cure.

VII.

Tho' to evince thee that the Friend did feel

A kind Concern for thy ill-fated Care,

I would have footh'd the Flame I could not heal,

Giv'n Thee the World, tho' I with-held the Fair.

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## CLOE Hunting.

Ehind her Neck her comely Treffes ty'd, Her Ivory Quiver graceful by her Side, A-Hunting Cloe went: She loft her way, And thro' the Woods uncertain chanc'd to ftray. Apollo passing by beheld the Maid, And, Sifter Dear, bright Cynthia turn; he faid: The hunted Hind lyes close in yonder Brake. Loud Cupid laugh'd, to fee the God's mistake; And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine, To know Thy Kindred, and to honour Mine. Rightly advis'd, far hence Thy Sifter feek, Or on Meander's Banks, or Latmus Peak. But in this Nymph, My Friend, My Sifter know, She draws my Arrows, and she bends my Bow; Fair Thames she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove Sacred to foft Recess, and gentle Love. Go, with Thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed Spear At the rough Boar; or chace the flying Deer:

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#### 212 Poems on several Occasions.

I and My Cloe take a nobler Aim, At human Hearts We fling, nor ever miss the Game.

### CUPID Mistaken.

A Safter Noon one Summer's Day,

Venus stood bathing in a River,

Cupid a-shooting went that way,

New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart,
With all his Might his Bow he drew;
Aim'd at his beauteous Parent's Heart
With certain Speed the Arrow slew.

I faint, I die, the Goddess cry'd:

O cruel, could'st thou find none other

To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide;

Like Nero, thou hast slain thy Mother.

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Poor Cupid fobbing scarce could speak, Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye: Alas! how easie my Mistake! I took you for your Likeness, Cloe.

### VENUS Mistaken.

HEN Cloe's Picture was to Venus shown, Surpriz'd the Goddess took it for her own. And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean? When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

No lore into welc, fin neve

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and checkt his Mother's Pride; And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd. 'Tis Cloe's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast; Friend Howard's Genius fancy'd all the rest.

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Poor

ame.

### THE

## Nut-brown Maid.

### APOEM,

Writ three bundred Years since.

B E it right or wrong, these Men among, On Women do complaine,

Afferming this, how that it is,

A Labour spent in vaine,

To love them wele, for never a dele,

They love a Man againe,

For lete a Man, do what he can,

Ther Favour to attayne,

Yet yf a new, do them purfue,

Ther furst trew Lover than

Laboureth for nought, and from her Thought, He is a banishyd Man. I fay

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I fay not nay, but that all day, It is bothe writ and fayde, That Womans Fayth, is as who faythe, All utterly decayed; But nevertheless, right good Witness, The Princip Link I'this case might be layde, That they love trewe, and contynew, Record the Nut-brown Mayde, Which from her Love, whan her to prove, He came to make his mone, Wold not depart, for in her Herte, She lovyd but him allon.

Than betwene us, lettens discusse, What was all the maner Betwene them too, we wyll also, Telle all they peyne and fere That she was in, now I begynne, So that ye me answere, Wherefore ye, that present be, I pray ye give an Eare.

#### 216 Poems on several Occasions.

#### M A N.

I am the Knyght, I cam by Nyght,
As secret as I can,

Saying alas, thus flandeth the Case,
I am a banishyd Man.

### WOMAN.

And I your Wylle, for to fulfylle,
In this wyl not refuse,

Trusting to shew, in Wordis fewe,

That Men have an ille use

To ther own shame, Women to blame,
And causelese them accuse,

Therefore to you I answere now,

Alle Wymen to excuse,

M'yn own Herte dere, with you what chere,

I pray you telle anoon,

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,

I love but you allon.

### M A N

It stondeth so, a dede is do,

Wherefore moche harm shall growe,

My Desteny, is for to dey,

A shamfull Deth I trowe,

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Or ellis to flee, thereon must be,

None other way I knowe,

But to withdrawe, as an Outlaw,

And take me to my home.

Wherefore adew, my owne Herte trewe,

None other red I can,

For I must to, the grene Wode goo,
Alone a banishyd Man.

#### WOMAN.

O Lord, what is this worldis blysse,
That chaungeth as the Mone,

My Somers day, as lufty May,
Is derked before the None.

I here you faye, farwell nay, nay,
We departe not foo fone,

Why fay ye fo, wheder wyl ye goo,
Alas what have ye done,

Alle my welfare, to forow and care, Shulde chaunge yf ye were gon,

For in my mynde, of all Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

### Poems on Several Occasions.

#### M A N.

I can beleve, it shall you greeve,

And shomwhat you distrayne,

But aftyrwarde, your paynes harde, Within a day or tweyne

Shal fone a flake, and ye shal take, Comfort to you agayne,

Why should ye nought, for to make thought, Your labur were in vayne.

And thus I do, and pray you loo, As hertely as I can,

For I muste too, the grene Wode goo, Alone a banishyd Man.

#### WOMAN.

Now fyth that ye, have shewed to me, The Secret of your mynde,

I shal be playne, to you againe, Lyke as ye shal me fynde,

Syth it is so, that ye wyll goo, I wol not lere behynde.

Shal never be fayd, the Nut-brown Mayde, Was to her Love unkynd. Mak

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Make you redy, for fo am I,

Allthough it were anoon,

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,

I love but you allon.

M A N.

Yet I you rede, take good hede,

Whan Men wyl think and fey,

Of yonge and olde, it shal be tolde,

That ye be gone away,

Your wanton wylle, for to fulfylle,

In grene Wode you to play,

And that ye myght, from your delyte,

Noo lenger make delay.

Rather than ye, should thus for me,

Be called an ylle Woman,

Yet wold I to, the grene Wode goo,

Alone a banishyd Man.

ake

WOMAN.

Though it be fonge, of olde and yonge,

That I shuld be to blame,

Theirs be the charge, that speke so large,
In hurting of my Name,

For I wyl prove, that feythful Love,
It is devoyd of Shame,
In your Diffress, and Hevyness,
To parte wyth you the same,
And sure allthoo, that doo not so,
Trewe Lovers ar they noon,

But in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

M A N.

I counsel you, remember how,
It is noo Maydens lawe,

Nothing to dought, but to renne out, To Wode, with an Outlawe,

For ye must there, in your hands bere,
A howe to bere and drawe,

And as a Theef, thus must ye lyeve, Ever in drede and awe;

By whiche to you, gret harme myght grow, Yet I had lever than

That I had too, the grene Wode goo,
Alone a banishyd Man.

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#### WOMAN.

I think not nay, but as ye faye,

It is noo Maydens lore,

But Love may make, me for your fake,

As ye have faid before,

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To com on fote, to hunte and shote,

To gete us Mete and Store,

For fo that I, your Company,

May have, I ask noo more;

From whiche to parte, it makith myn Herte,

As colde as ony Ston,

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,

I love but you allon.

#### M A N. . . . . . . . . . . bnA.

For an Outlawe, this is the lawe,

That Men hym take and binde,

Wythout pytee, hanged to bee,

And waver with the Wynde.

If I had neede, as God for bede,

What rescons coude ye finde,

For fothe I trowe, you, and your bowe, Shuld draw for fere be hynde.

#### 222 Poems on several Occasions.

And noo Merveyle, for lytel avayle,
Were in your councel than;
Wherefore I too, the Wode wyl goo,

Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

Full well knowe ye, that Wymen be, Ful febyl for to fyght,

Noo Womanhed, is it in deede, To bee bolde as a Knyght,

Yet in suche fere, yf that ye were, Among Enemys day and nyght,

I wolde withstonde, wyth bowe in hande,

To greve them as I myght,

And you to fave, as Wymen have, From deth many one,

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you allon.

M A N.

Yet take good hede, for ever I drede, That ye coude not fustein

The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, The fnowe, the frost, the reyn, The

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The cold, the hete, for drye or wete,

We must lodge on the playn,

And us a bove, noon other Cave,

But a brake, bush or twayne,

Whiche sone shulde greve, you I beleve,

And ye wolde gladly than

That I had too, the grene Wode goo,

Alone a banishyd Man.

WOMAN.

Syth I have here, ben partynere,

With you of Joy and Blysse,
I must also, parte of your woo,
Endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure, of mo plesure,
And shortly it is this
That where ye bee; mee seemeth, par dy,
I could not fare amyss.
Without more Speche, I you beseche,
That we were soon agone,
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

### the Man Man N. and all bloods

Yef ye goo thedyr, ye must consider, Whan ye have lust to dyne

Ther shall no mete, before to gete,

Nor drink, bere, ale, ne win,

Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene,

Made of thred and twyne,

Noon other house, but levys and bowes, To kever your head and myn.

O myn Herte fwete, this ylle dyet,
Shuld make you pale and wan,

Wherefore I to, the Wode wyl goo, alone a banishyd Man.

### WOMAN.

Amonge the wylde Dere, fuch an archier,
As men fay that ye bee,

Ne may not fayle, of good Vitayle,
Where is fo grete plente,

And watir cleere, of the ryvere,

Shall be full fwete to me,
With whiche in hele, I shal right wele,

Endure as ye shal see;

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And er we goo, a bed or twoo, about toow on O

I can provide another from I sveni nov no I

For in my mynde, of all Mankynde, waibs won in H.

I love but you allon. Harb and a ready

All this make yes and let Aus Mes

Loo yet before, ye must doo more, arr yeb ad T

Yf ye wyl go with me, is to abayar yar ni no I

As cutte your here, up by your ere, tud evol I

Wyth bowe in hande, for to wythstande,
Your Enemys yf nede bee,

And this same nyght, before day light, would be To Wode ward wyl I flee, all will avoid to

And yf ye wille, al this fulfylle, at a resider to I do it shortly as ye can, rish and showed the land

Alone a banishyd Man.

It is fayd of olde, N. N. M. O. Wcolde,

That longeth to womanhood, of solution to shote in tyme of nede.

O my fweet Moder, before all other,

But now adiew, I must ensue, a contrar you of all

Where Fortune duth me leede.

All this make ye, and lete us flee,

The day run fast upon from ov estoled to you!

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, Ivw at 11

# Your kurtel by Me kine M.

Nay, nay, not foo, ye shal not goo, and a wood And I shall telle you why,

Your appetyte, is to be light, which since her

Of Love I wele espie, I www braw show or

For right as ye, have fayde to me, only said the In lykewyfe hardely

Ye wolde answere, who so ever it were,

In way of company and hardined a smola

It is fayd of olde, fone hote, fone colde,

And fo is a Woman, not saying ob , won as lad!

Wherefore I too, the Wode wyl goo,

Alone a banishyd Man.

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### WOMAN.

Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede,
Such wordis to fay bee me,
For ofte ye preyd, and longe affayed,
Er I you lovid par dy,
And though that I, of Auncestry,
A Barons Daughter bee,
Yet have you proved, how I you loved,
A Squyer of low degree,
And ever shal, what so befalle,
To dey therefore anoon,
For in my mynde, of al Mankynde,
I love but you allon.

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### M A N.

A Barons Childe, to be begyled,
It were a curfed dede,
To be felow, with an Outlawe,
Almighty God forbede,
Yet bettyr were, the power Squyer,
Alone to farest spede,
Than ye shal saye, another day,
That be that wycked dede

Ye were betrayed, wherefore good Maide, The best red that I can below a seed and a seed a seed and a seed

Is that I too, the grene Wode goo, how had Alone a banishyd Man. By by by and and

### WOMAN. of hoy Ish

What foever befalle, I never shal, trade deposit her Of this thing you upbraid, and amound A

But yf ye goo, and leve me foo, Then have ye me betraid.

Remember ye wele, how that ye dele, For yf ye as the fayde

Be fo unkynde, to leve behynde, Your Love the Nut-browne Maide,

Trust me truely, that I shal dey, Sone after ye be gone,

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you allon.

### M A N.

Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, For in the Forrest now I have purveid, me of a Maide, Whom I love more than you,

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Another fayrer, than e'er ye were,

I dare it well avowe,

And of you bothe, eche shulde be wrothe

Wyth other, as I trowe.

It were myn ease, to lyve in pease, So wyl I yf I can,

Wherefore I to, the Wode wyl goo, Alone a banishyd Man.

### WOMAN.

Though in the Wode, I undirstode, Ye had a Paramour,

All this may nought, remove my thought,
But that I will be your,

And the shall fynde, me soft and kynde, And curteis every our,

Glad to fulfylle, all that she wylle, Commaunde me to my power,

For had ye loo, and hundred moo,
Yet wolde I be that one,

For in my mynde, of al Mankynde, I love but you allon.

other

### M. A. N. selection of the Manager

My nowne dere Love, I see the prove,

That ye be kynde and trewe,

Of Mayde and Wyf, in al my lyf, The best that ever I knew;

Be merey and glad, be no more fad,

The case is chaunged newe,

For it were ruthe, that for your Trouth,
You shuld have cause to rewe;

Be not difinayed, whatsoever I sayd,

To you whan I began,

I wyl not too, the grene Wode goo,
I am no banishyd Man.

## WOMAN.

Theis tidingis be, more glad to me, Than to be made a Quene,

Yf I were fure, they shuld endure,
But it is often seen

When Men wyl breke, promyfe they speke,

The wordis on the splene,

Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle,

Itcle fro me I wene,

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Then were the case wurs than it was,

And I more woo begone,

For in my mynde, of all Mankynde,

For in my mynde, of all Mankynde, I love but you allon.

### M A N.

Ye shal not nede, further to drede, I wyl not disparage,

Now God defende, fyth you descende, Of so grete a Lynage,

Now understande, to Westmerlande, Whiche is my herytage,

I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge,
Be wey of Maryage

I wyl you take, and Lady make,
As shortly as I can,

Thus have ye wone, an Erles Son,
And not a banishyd Man.

len

that the Ast Que Acad be old -

Will thou with Floranchest that Lover's Street

And with one Heaviely Smile obresty his Pains.

Thought ber Youth chres hundred I care have

HEN

What thou swhile unbend thy

# HENRY and EMMA,

# A P O E M,

Upon the Model of

# The Nut-brown Maid.

# To CLOBE

Tho' low my Voice, tho' artless be my Hand, I take the sprightly Reed; and sing, and play; Careless of what the cens'uring World may say; Bright Cloe, Object of my constant Vow; Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious Brow? Wilt thou with Pleasure hear thy Lover's Strains, And with one Heav'nly Smile o'erpay his Pains? No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old, Tho' since her Youth three hundred Years have roll'd;

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At thy Desire she shall again be rais'd, And her reviving Charms in lasting Verse be prais'd.

What Examp was to Him, be then to Me.

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
That He may love, and not be lov'd again;
That We in vain the sickle Sex pursue,
Who change the Constant Lover for the New:
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of Female Passion feign'd, or Faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my Verse resuted stand,
Be said to Winds, or writ upon the Sand.
And while my Notes to suture Times proclaim
Unconquer'd Love, and ever during Flame;
O sairest of thy Sex! be thou my Muse,
Deign on my Work thy Inst'uence to dissuse:
Let me partake the Blessings I rehearse,
And grant me Love, the just Reward of Verse.

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As Beauty's Potent Queen, with ev'ry Grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy Face;
And as her Son has to my Bosom dealt
That constant Flame, which faithful Henry felt;

O let the Story with thy Life agree:

Let Men once more the bright Example see:

What Emma was to Him, be thou to Me.

Nor send me by thy Frown from her I love,

Distant and sad a banish'd Man to rove.

But oh! with Pity long intreated crown

My Pains and Hopes; and when thou say'st that One

Of all Mankind thou lov'st, Oh! think on Me alone.

Here beauteous Iss and her Husband Tame
With mingl'd Waves for ever flow the Same,
In Times of Yore an ancient Baron liv'd,
Great Gifts bestow'd, and great Respect receiv'd.

Of Female Pation feign d, or Faith detay

When dreadful Edward with successful Care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic War,
This Lord had headed his appointed Bands,
In firm Allegiance to his King's Commands:
And, all due Honours faithfully discharg'd,
Had brought back his Paternal Coat, inlarg'd

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With a new Mark, the Witness of his Toil;
And no inglorious part of foreign Spoil.

From the loud Camp retir'd, and noify Court,
In Honourable Ease and Rural Sport
The Remnant of his Days he foftly past,
Nor found they lagg'd too flow, nor flew too fast:
He made his Wish with his Estate comply;
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to dye.

And found Report for the Lad telling Line

And Bineme and the Mut Over Milidayere one.

One Child he had, a Daughter chast and sair,

His Age's Comfort, and his Fortune's Heir;

They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous Dame

Who gave the Virgin Birth had born the Name:

The Name th' indulgent Father doubly lov'd,

For in the Child the Mother's Charms improv'd.

Yet, as when little round his Knees she plaid,

He call'd her oft in Sport his Nat-brown Maid;

The Friends and Tenants took the fondling Word,

(As still they please who imitate their Lord)

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Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun,
The mutual Terms around the Lands were known,
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

From the flood Court searche was politice oract

As with her Stature still her Charms encreas'd, Thro' all the Isle her Beauty was confess'd: Oh! what Perfections must that Virgin share, Who Fairest is esteem'd, where all are Fair? From distant Shires repair the noble Youth, And found Report for once had lessen'd Truth: By Wonder first, and then by Passion mov'd, They came, they faw, they marvell'd, and they lov'd. By publick Praises, and by secret Sighs Each own'd the gen'ral Pow'r of Emma's Eyes: In Tilts and Turnaments the Valiant strove By glorious Deed to purchase Emma's Love: In gentle Verse the Witty told their Flame, And grac'd their choicest Songs with Emma's Name: In vain they combated, in vain they writ, Useless their Strength, and impotent their Wit;

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Great Venus only must direct the Dart,
Which else will never reach the Fair one's Heart,
Spight of th' Attempts of Force, and soft Effects
of Art.

Great Venus must prefer the happy One;
In Henry's Cause her Favour must be shown,
And Emma of Mankind must love but Him alone.

With her of the lead and of the and the

While these in Publick to the Castle came,
And by their Grandeur justify'd their Flame,
More secret Ways the careful Henry takes;
His Squires, his Arms, and Equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd Name and salse Attire array'd,
Oft he finds Means to see the beauteous Maid.

When Emma hunts, in Huntsman's Habit drest

Henry on Foot pursues the bounding Beast;

In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears,

And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears:

Still to the Glade where She has bent her Way

With knowing Skill he drives the future Prey;

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Bids

Bids her decline the Hill, and shun the Brake,
And shows the Path her Steed may safest take:
Directs her Spear to six the glorious Wound,
Pleas'd in his Toils to have her Triumph crown'd:
And blows her Praises in no common Sound.

A Falk'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks;
With her of Tarfels and of Leurs he talks:
Upon his Wrist the tow ring Merling stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her Commands:
And when Superiour now the Bird has slown,
And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down,
With humble Reverence he accosts the Fair,
And with the honour'd Feather decks her Hair.
Yet still as from the sportive Field She goes,
His down-cast Eye reveals his inward Woes;
And by his Look and Sorrow is exprest
A nobler Game pursu'd than Bird or Beast.

A Shepherd now along the Plain he roves,

And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves;

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The neigh'bring Swains around the Stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his Song:
While with foft Sorrow he renews his Lays,
Nor heedful of their Envy, nor their Praise:
But soon as Erema's Eyes adorn the Plain,
His Notes he raises to a nobler Strain;
With dutiful Respect and studious Fear,
Lest any careless Sound offend her Ear.

A frantick Gipsey now the House he haunts,

And in wild Phrases speaks dissembled Wants:

With the fond Maids in Palmistry he deals,

They tell the Secret first, which he reveals;

Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguiled,

What Groom shall get, and Squire maintain the Child:

But when bright Emma wou'd her Fortune know,

A softer Look unbends his opining Brow:

With trembling Awe he gazes on her Eye,

And in soft Accents forms the kind Reply,

That she shall prove as Fortunate as Fair,

And Hymen's choicest Gifts are all reserved for Her.

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Now

The neigh bring Swains around the Stronger through

Now oft had Henry chang'd his fly Difguife, Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's Eyes: Oft had found Means alone to fee the Dame, And at her Feet to breath his am'rous Flame : And oft the Pangs of Absence to remove, By Letters, foft Interpreters of Love. 'Till Time and Industry, the mighty Two That bring our Wishes nearer to our view, Made him perceive, that the inclining Fair Receiv'd his Vows with no reluctant Ear ; That Venus had confirm'd her equal Reign, And dealt to Emma's Heart a share of Henry's Pain.

While Cupid smil'd by kind Occasion bles'd, And, with the Secret kept, the Love increas'd; The am'rous Youth frequents the filent Groves, And much he meditates, for much he loves. He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again, and but but Great are his Joys, but will they long remain? Emma with Smiles receives his present Flame But fmiling, will she ever be the same?

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Beautiful Looks are rul'd by fickle Minds,
And Summer Seas are turn'd by fudden Winds.
Another Love may gain her easie Youth,
Time changes Thought, and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.

O impotent Estate of human Life,
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal Strife:
Where sleeting Joy does lasting Doubt inspire;
And most we Question, what we most Desire.
Amongst thy various Gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
Our Cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter Ingredients in, nor pall the Draught
With nauseous Grief; for our ill-judging Thought
Hardly injoys the pleasurable Taste,
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With Wishes rais'd, with Jealousies oppress, (Alternate Tyrants of the Human Breast,)

By one great Trial He resolves to prove

The Faith of Woman, and the Force of Love.

If scanning Emma's Virtues, He may find

That beauteous Frame inclose a steady Mind;

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He'll fix his Hope, of future Joy secure,
And live a Slave to Hymen's happy Pow'r.
But if the Fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If pois'd aright in Reason's equal Scale,
Light fly her Merits, and her Faults prevail;
His Mind he vows to free from am'rous Care,
The latent Mischief from his Heart to tear,
Resume his Azure Arms, and shine again in War.

A spreading Beach extends her friendly Shade:
Here oft the Nymph His breathing Vows had heard,
Here oft Her Silence had her Heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her Infant Buds,
And genial Life inform'd the verdant Woods,
Henry in Knots involving Emma's Name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his Flame
Upon this Tree; and as the tender Mark
Grew with the Year, and widen'd with the Bark,
Venus had heard the Virgin's soft Address,
That as the Wound the Passion might increase.

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As potent Nature shed her kindly Show'rs,
And deck'd the various Mead with opening Flow'rs,
Upon this Tree, the Nymph's obliging Care
Had lest a frequent Wreath for Henry's Hair.
Which as with gay Delight the Lover sound,
Pleas'd with his Conquest, with her Present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the Plains he oft had gone,
And to each Swain the Mystick Honour shown;
The Gift still prais'd, the Giver still unknown.

His fecret Note the troubl'd Henry writes,
To the known Tree the Lovely Maid invites.
Imperfect Words and dubious Turns express,
That unforeseen Mischance disturb'd his Peace;
That He must something to her Ear commend,
On which Her Conduct, and His Life depend.

Soon as the Fair one had the Note receiv'd,
The remnant of the Day alone She griev'd:
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former Note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;

As

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rk,

Which

244 Poems on several Occasions.

Which told her all his future Hopes were laid
On the dear Bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her Eyes, and own'd her Pow'r;
And bid her oft Adieu, yet added more.

Now Night advanc'd, the House in Sleep were laid,
The Nurse experienc'd, and the prying Maid;
And last that Spirit, which does closest haunt
The Lovers Steps, the ancient Maiden Aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd Pace repairing forc'd Delay.
For Love, fantastic Pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad 'till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then, o'er Cliss and Valleys strays,
And leads his Vot'ries safe thro' pathless Ways.
Not Argus with his hundred Eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, tho' he poor Guide is blind.

The Maiden first arriving sent her Eye
To ask, if yet its Chief Delight were nigh:
With Fear and with Desire, with Joy and Pain
She sees and runs to meet him on the Plain.

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But oh! his Steps proclaim no Lovers hafte,
On the low Ground his fix'd Regards are caft,
His artful Bosom heaves dissembled Sighs,
And Tears suborn'd fall copious from his Eyes.

With Ease, alas! we Credit what we Love:
His painted Grief does real Sorrow move
In the afflicted Fair: Adown her Cheek
Trickling the genuine Tears their Current break.
Attentive stood the mournful Nymph, the Man
Broke Silence first, the Tale alternate ran.

#### HENRY.

Sincere O tell me, hast thou felt a Pain,

Emma, beyond what Woman knows to feign?

Has thy uncertain Bosom ever strove

With the first Tumults of a real Love?

Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his Sway;

By turns averse and joyful to obey?

Thy Virgin Sostness hast thou e'er bewail'd,

As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?

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iid,

And wept the potent God's refiftless Dart, His killing Pleafure, his Extatick Smart, And heav'nly Poison thrilling thro' thy Heart? If fo, with Pity view my wretched State; At least deplore, and then forget my Fate: To fome more happy Knight referve thy Charms, By Fortune favour'd, and fuccefsful Arms: And only, as the Sun's revolving Ray Brings back each Year this melancholy Day, Permit one Sigh, and fet apart one Tear, To an abandon'd Exile's endless Care. For me, alas! Out-cast of Human Race, Love's Anger only waits, and dire Difgrace: For lo! these Hands in Murther are imbru'd, These trembling Feet by Justice are pursu'd: Fate calls aloud, and haftens me away, A shameful Death attends my longer Stay; And I this Night must sly from Thee and Love, Condemn'd in lonely Woods a banish'd Man to rove.

EMMA.

What is our Bliss that changeth with the Moon, And Day of Life that darkens e'er 'tis Noon?

What

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What is true Passion if unblest it dies,
And where is Emma's Joy if Henry slies?

If Love, alas! be Pain, the Pain I bear
No Thought can figure, and no Tongue declare.

Ne'er faithful Woman felt, nor false one seign'd
The Flames, which long have in my Bosom reign'd:
The God of Love himself inhabits there,
With all his Rage, and Dread, and Grief, and Care:

His Complement of Stores, and total War.

Oh cease then coldly to suspect my Love,
And let my Deed at least my Faith approve.
Alas! no Youth shall my Endearments share,
Nor Day nor Night shall interrupt my Care:
No future Story shall with Truth upbraid
The cold Indiff'rence of the Nut-brown Maid:
Nor to hard Banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on Beds of Down.
Behold me fix'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go;
Friend to thy Pain, and Partner of thy Woe:
For I attest fair Venus, and her Son,
That I of all Mankind will love but Thee alone.

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HEN-

#### HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous Way,
And take good heed what Men will think and say;
That Beauteous Emma vagrant Courses took,
Her Father's House and civil Life forsook;
That full of youthful Blood, and fond of Man,
She to the Woodland with an Exile ran.
Restect, that lessen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd;
And Virgin Honour once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming Evil shun;
Better not do the Deed, than weep it done.
No Penance can absolve our guilty Fame;
Nor Tears, that wash out Sin, can wash out Shame.
Then sly the sad Essects of desp'rate Love;
And leave a banish'd Man thro' lonely Woods to rove.

### EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless Case be falsely told
By the rash Young, or the ill-natur'd Old:
Let ev'ry Tongue its various Censure chuse,
Absolve with Coldness, or with Spight accuse.
Fair Truth at last her Radiant Beams will raise,
And Malice vanquisht heightens Virtue's Praise.

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Let then thy Favour but indulge my Flight,

O let my Presence make thy Travels light;

And potent Venus shall exalt my Name

Above the Rumours of censorious Fame:

Nor from that busic Demon's restless Pow'r

Will ever Emma other Grace implore,

Than that this Truth should to the World be known,

That I of all Mankind have lov'd but Thee alone.

#### HENRY.

But cansi thou wield the Sword, and bend the Bow, With active Force repel the sturdy Foe? When the loud Tumult speaks the Battel nigh, And winged Deaths in whistling Arrows sly, Wilt thou, tho wounded, yet undaunted stay, Perform thy Part, and share the dangerous Day? Then, as thy Strength decays, thy Heart will fail: Thy Limbs all trembling, and thy Cheek all pale, With fruitless Sorrow Thou, inglorious Maid, Wilt weep thy Sasety by thy Love betray'd: Then to thy Friend, by Foes o'er-charg'd, deny Thy little useless Aid, and Coward sly:

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ve.

Then wilt thou curse the Chance that made Thee love

A banish'd Man, condem'd in lonely Woods to rove.

E M M A.

With fatal Certainty Thalestris knew
To send the Arrow from the twanging Yew;
And great in Arms, and soremost in the War,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British Spear.
Could Thirst of Vengeance, and Desire of Fame,
Excite the Female Breast with Martial Flame?
And shall not Love's diviner Pow'r inspire

More hardy Virtue, and more generous Fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish fighting by thy side.
Tho' my Inferior Strength may not allow,
That I should bear or draw the Warrior Bow;
With ready Hand I will the Shaft supply,
And joy to see thy Victor Arrow fly:
Touch'd in the Battel by the Hostile Reed,
Should'st thou, but Heav'n avert it, should st thou bleed,
To stop the Wounds my finest Lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with Tears, and wipe them with my Hair:
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Bleft, when my Dangers and my Toils have flown, That I of all Mankind could love but Thee alone.

#### HENRY.

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But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou sustain Afflictive Want, or Hunger's preffing Pain? Those Limbs, in Lawn and softest Silk array'd, From Sun-beams guarded, and of Winds afraid, Will they bear angry Jove, will they refift The parching Dog-star, and the bleak North-East? When chill'd by adverse Snows, and beating Rain, We tread with weary Steps the longfome Plain; When with hard Toil we feek our Evening Food. Berries and Acorns, from the neighb'ring Wood; And find amongst the Cliffs no other House, But the thin Covert of some gather'd Boughs: Wilt Thou not then reluctant fend thine Eve Around the dreary Waste, and weeping try, (Tho' then, alas! that Trial be too late) To find thy Father's Hospitable Gate, And Seats, where Eafe and Plenty brooding fate? Those Seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn; That Gate, for ever barr'd to thy Return:

Wilt

Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated Love;
And hate a banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove?

E M M A.

Thy Rife of Fortune did I only wed,
From its Decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpose to embark with Thee,
On the smooth Surface of a Summer's Sea,
While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous Gales,
And Fortune's Favour fills the swelling Sails;
But would forsake the Ship, and make the Shoar,
When the Winds whistle, and the Tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: One Sacred Oath has ty'd
Our Loves; One Destiny our Life shall guide;
Nor Wild nor Deep our common Way divide.

When from the Cave thou rifest with the Day,
To beat the Woods, and rouse the bounding Prey;
The Cave with Moss and Branches I'll adorn,
And chearful sit, and wait my Lord's Return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten Deer,
(For seldom, Archers say, thy Arrows err)

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I'll fetch quick Fewel from the neighb'ring Wood, And strike the sparkling Flint, and dress the Food: With humble Duty and officious Haste, I'll cull the furthest Mead for Thy Repast: The choicest Herbs I to Thy Board will bring; And draw Thy Water from the freshest Spring. And when at Night with weary Toil opprest, Soft Slumbers thou injoy'ft, and wholesome Rest: Watchful I'll guard thee, and with Midnight Pray'r Weary the Gods to keep Thee in their Care; And joyous, ask at Morn's returning Ray, If thou hast Health, and I may bless the Day. My Thought shall fix, my latest Wish depend On Thee; Guide, Guardian, Kinsman, Father, Friend; By all thefe facred Names be Henry known To Emma's Heart; and grateful let Him own, That She of all Mankind could love but Him alone.

### HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me what the Woman's Care
Shall in the Wildness of the Wood prepare:
Thou, e'er thou goest, unhapp'yest of thy Kind,
Must leave the Habit, and the Sex behind.

No

No longer shall thy comely Tresses break In flowing Ringlets on thy Snowy Neck; Or fit behind thy Head, an ample Round, In graceful Breeds with various Ribbon bound: No longer shall the Boddice aptly lac'd From thy full Bosome to thy slender Waste, That Air and Harmony of Shape express, Fine by Degrees, and beautifully lefs: Nor shall thy lower Garments artful Pleat From thy fair Side dependent to thy Feet, Arm their chaste Beauties with a modest Pride, And double ev'ry Charm they feek to hide. Th' Ambrofial Plenty of thy shining Hair Cropt off and loft, scarce lower than thy Ear Shall stand, uncouth; a Horse-man's Coat shall hide Thy taper Shape, and Comeliness of Side: The short Trunk-Hose shall shew thy Foot and Knee Licentious, and to common Eye-fight free;

And with a bolder Stride, and loofer Air,

Mingl'd with Men, a Man thou must appear.

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Brought by long Habined. Lone Bild in Women

Nor Solitude, nor gentle Peace of Mind, Mistaken Maid, shalt Thou in Forests find: 'Tis long fince Cynthia and her Train were there, Or Guardian Gods made Innocence their Care. Vagrants and Out-laws shall offend thy View; (For fuch must be my Friends) a hideous Crew, By adverse Fortune mix'd in Social Ill; Train'd to affault, and disciplin'd to kill. Their common Loves, a lewd abandon'd Pack, The Beadle's Lash still flagrant on their Back; By Sloth corrupted, by Diforder fed; Made bold by Want, and proftitute for Bread. With fuch must Emma hunt the tedious Day, Affist their Violence, and divide their Prey: With fuch She must return at setting Light, Tho' not Partaker, Witness of their Night. Thy Ear, inur'd to charitable Sounds, And pitying Love, must feel the hateful Wounds Of Jest obscene, and vulgar Ribaldry; The ill-bred Question, and the lewd Reply:

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Brought by long Habitude from Bad to Worse, Must hear the frequent Oath, the direful Curse, That latest Weapon of the Wretches War; And Blasphemy, sad Comrade of Despair.

Now, Emma, now the last Resection make,
What Thou would'st follow, what Thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd Stars and adverse Heav'n,
No middle Object to thy Choice is given.
Or yield thy Virtue to attain thy Love;
Or leave a banish'd Man, condemn'd in Woods to rove.

### EMMA.

O Grief of Heart! that our unhappy Fates
Force Thee to suffer what thy Honour hates:
Mix Thee amongst the Bad, or make Thee run
Too near the Paths, which Virtue bids Thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the Vice, but share the Woe:
And sure my little Heart can never err
Amidst the worst; if Henry still be there.

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Our outward Act is prompted from within,
And from the Sinner's Mind proceeds the Sin:
By her own Choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the Force of outward Objects mov'd:
Who has affay'd no Danger, gains no Praise;
In a small Isle, amidst the widest Seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her Seat:
In vain the Syrens sing, the Tempests beat,
Their Flatt'ry She rejects, nor fears their Threat.

For Thee alone these little Charms I drest;
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy Test:
In comely Figure rang'd my Jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for Thee alone;
For Thee again they shall be laid aside;
The Woman, Henry, shall put off her Pride
For Thee; my Cloaths, my Sex exchang'd, for Thee,
I'll mingle with the Peoples wretched Lee;
(Oh! Line extream of human Insamy!)
Wanting the Scissars; and my Hands shall tear
(If that obstructs my Flight) this load of Hair:

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Black Soot or yellow Walnut shall disgrace
This little Red and White of Emma's Face:
These Nails with Scratches shall deform my Breast,
Lest by my Look or Colour be express'd
The Mark of ought high born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this Commerce, under this Disguise,
Let Me be grateful still to Henry's Eyes:
Lost to the World, let me to Him be known:
My Fate I can absolve, if He shall own,
That leaving all Mankind, I love but Him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest Thought of an abandon'd Mind!

Name, Habit, Parents, Woman lest behind,

Ev'n Honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go

Wild to the Woods with me; said Emma so?

Or did I dream what Emma never said?

O guilty Error! and oh wretched Maid!

Whose roving Fancy would resolve the same

With Him who next should tempt her easie Fame,

And blow with empty Words the susceptible Flame.

Now why should dubious Terms thy Mind perplex?

Confess thy Frailty, and avow the Sex:

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No longer loofe Defire for constant Love Mistake, but say 'tis Man with whom thou long'st EMMA

Are there not Poisons, Wracks, and Flames, and That Emma thus must die by Henry's Words? [Swords, Yet what could Swords, or Poifon, Wracks or Flame-But mangle and disjoint this brittle Frame More fatal Henry's Words, they murder Emma's Fame.

And fall these Sayings from that gentle Tongue, Where civil Speech and foft Persuasion hung? Whose artful Sweetness and harmonious Strain Courting my Grace, yet courting it in vain; Call'd Sighs, and Tears, and Wishes to its Aid: And, whilst it Henry's glowing Flame convey'd, Still blam'd the Coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?

Lest envious Jealousie and canker'd Spight Produce my Action to severest Light, And tax my open Day, or fecret Night? Did e'er my Tongue speak my unguarded Heart The least inclin'd to play the Wanton's Part?

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lex?

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## 260 Poems on several Occasions.

Did e'er my Eye One inward Thought reveal
Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my Conduct known
One Fault, but that which I must ever own,
That I of all Mankind have lov'd but Thee alone.

### HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving Me alone: Each Man is Man, and all the Sex is One. False are our Words, and sickle is our Mind, Nor in Love's Ritual can we ever find. Vows made to last, or Promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for Empire made,
Alike by Strength or Cunning we invade:
When arm'd with Rage we march against the Foe,
We lift the Battel-Ax, and draw the Bow:
When sir'd with Passion we attack the Fair,
Delusive Sighs and brittle Vows we bear:
Our Falshood and our Arms have equal use,
As they our Conquest or Delight produce.

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The foolish Heart thou gav's, again receive;

(The only Boon departing Love can give:)

To be less Wretched, be no longer True:

What strives to sty Thee, why should'st thou pursue?

Forget the Present Flame, indulge a New.

Single the loveliest of the amorous Youth;

Ask for his Vow, but hope not for his Truth:

The next Man and the next thou shalt believe

Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive;

Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.

Hence let thy Cupid aim his Arrows right;

Be Wise, and False, shun Trouble, seek Delight;

Change Thou the first, nor wait thy Lover's Flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let Nature judge our Case;
I saw Thee Young, and Fair; pursu'd the Chase
Of Youth, and Beauty: I another saw
Fairer, and Younger; yielding to the Law
Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
More Youth, more Beauty: Blest Vicissitude!

The

# 262 Poems on several Occasions.

My active Heart still keeps its pristine Flame; The Object alter'd, the Desire the same.

This Younger Fairer pleads her rightful Charms: With prefent Power compels me to her Arms.

And much I fear from my subjected Mind,
(If Beauty's Force to constant Love can bind)

That Years may roll, e'er, in Her turn, the Maid
Shall weep the Fury of my Love decay'd:
And weeping follow me, as Thou dost now,
With idle Clamours of a broken Vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy Wishes err
So wide, to hope that Thou may'st live with Her.
Love, well thou know'st, no Partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided Vows.

Then from thy foolish Heart, vain Maid, remove An useless Sorrow, and an ill-starr'd Love,
And leave me with the Fair, at large in Woods to rove.

#### EMMA.

Are we in Life thro' one great Error led?

Is each Man perjur'd, and each Nymph betray'd?

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Of the Superior Sex art thou the worst?

Am I of Mine the most compleatly curst?

Yet, let me go with Thee, and going prove

From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent Beauty, this Triumphant Fair,
This happy Object of our diff'rent Care,
Her let me follow; Her let me attend,
A Servant: (She may scorn the Name of Friend.)
What She demands incessant I'll prepare;
I'll weave Her Garlands, and I'll pleat Her Hair:
My busie Diligence shall deck Her Board;
(For there at least I may approach my Lord.)
And when Her Henry's softer Hours advise
His Servant's Absence, with dejected Eyes
Far I'll recede, and Sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when encreasing Grief brings slow Disease; And ebbing Life, on Terms severe as these, Will have its little Lamp no longer sed; When Henry's Mistress shows him Emma dead;

Refcue

Of

Rescue my poor Remains from vile Neglect, With Virgin Honours let my Herse be deckt, And decent Emblem; and at least persuade This happy Nymph, that Emma may be laid Where Thou, dear Author of my Death, where She With frequent Eye my Sepulchre may fee. The Nymph amidst her Joys may haply breath A pious Sigh, reflecting on my Death: And the fad Fate which She may one Day prove, Who hopes from Henry's Vows Eternal Love. And Thou forfworn, Thou cruel, as Thou art, If Emma's Image ever touch'd thy Heart, Thou fure must give one Thought, and drop one Tear, To Her whom Love abandon'd to Despair; To Her, who dying, on the wounded Stone Bid it in lasting Characters be known, That of Mankind She lov'd but Thee alone.

### HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus hear:
And thou, bright Maid, believe Me, whilst I swear
No Time, no Change, no future Flame shall move.
The well-plac'd Basis of my lasting Love.

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# Poems on Several Occasions.

265

O Powerful Virtue! O Victorious Fair! At least excuse a Trial too severe; Receive the Triumph, and forget the War.

No banish'd Man condemn'd in Woods to rove Intreats thy Pardon, and implores thy Love: No perjur'd Knight desires to quit thy Arms, Fairest Collection of thy Sexes Charms, Crown of my Love, and Honour of my Youth, Henry, thy Henry with Eternal Truth, As Thou may'ft wish, shall all his Life imploy, And found his Glory in his Emma's Joy.

In Me behold the Potent Edgar's Heir, Illustrious Earl; Him terrible in War Let Loyre confess, for She has felt His Sword, And trembling fled before the British Lord. Him great in Peace and Wealth fair Deva knows; For the amidst his spacious Meadows flows: Inclines her Urn upon his fatten'd Lands, And fees his numerous Herds imprint her Sands.

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And Thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy Thought
To Greatness next to Empire; shalt be brought,
With solemn Pomp, to my Paternal Seat,
Where Peace and Plenty on Thy Word shall wait.
Musick and Song shall wake the Marriage Day;
And while the Priests accuse the Bride's Delay,
Myrtles and Roses shall obstruct her Way.

And blooming Peace shall ever bless Thy Morn.

Succeeding Years their happy Race shall run;

And Age unheeded by Delight come on,

While yet Superior Love shall mock his Pow'r:

And when old Time shall turn the fated Hour,

Which only can our well-ty'd Knot unfold,

What rests of Both one Sepulchre shall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's Breaft
(That Heav'n of Softness, and that Seat of Rest)
Ye Doubts and Fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting Grief, and all that trouble Love:
Scatter'd by Winds recede, and wild in Forests rove.

## EMMA.

ht

O Day the fairest sure that ever rose!

Period and End of anxious Emma's Woes;

Sire of her Joy, and Source of her Delight;

O! wing'd with Pleasure take thy happy Flight,

And give each future Morn a Tincture of thy White.

Yet tell thy Vota'ry, potent Queen of Love,

Henry, my Henry, will He never rove?

Will He be ever Kind, and Just, and Good?

And is there yet no Mistress in the Wood?

None, none there is: The Thought was rash and vain;

A false Idea, and a fancy'd Pain.

Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd Heart,

And anxious Jealousie's corroding Smart;

Nor other Inmate shall inhabit there,

But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the Tides of Plenty ebb and flow,

And Fortune's various Gale unheeded blow:

If at my Feet the Suppliant Goddess stands,

And sheds her Treasures with unweary'd Hands;

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Her present Favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd Grace:
If she reclaims the Temporary Boon,
And tries her Pinions, slutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of Mind I'll obviate her Intent,
And unconcern'd return the Goods she lent:
Nor Happiness can I, nor Misery feel,
From any Turn of her Fantastic Wheel:
Friendship's great Laws, and Love's superior Pow'r,
Must mark the Colour of my future Hour.
From the Events which thy Commands create
I must my Blessings or my Sorrows date;
And Henry's Will must dictate Emma's Fate.

Yet while with close Delight and inward Pride
(Which from the World my careful Soul shall hide)
I see Thee, Lord and End of my Desire,
Exalted high as Virtue can require;
With Pow'r invested, and with Pleasure chear'd;
Sought by the Good, by the Oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent Store,
Which human Vows at smoaking Shrines implore;
Grateful

Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My Life, subservient only to thy Joy;
And at my Death to bless thy Kindness shown
To Her, who of Mankind could love but Thee alone.

Return do the Fostile Spar and Carriere

Hile thus the constant Pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous Crowd,
Smiling they clapt their Wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little Quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious Shafts; a precious Store:
That when their God should take his future Darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant Hearts,
His happy Skill might proper Arms imploy,
All tipt with Pleasure, and all wing'd with Joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose Lives should imitate
These Lovers Constancy, should share their Fate.

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The Queen of Beauty stop'd her bridled Doves;
Approv'd the little Labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual Vow to hear;
And to the Triumph call'd the God of War:
Soon as She calls, the God is always near.

Now Mars, she faid, let Fame exalt her Voice. Nor let thy Conquests only be her Choice: But when She fings great Edward from the Field Return'd, the Hostile Spear and Captive Shield In Concord's Temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield. And when as prudent Saturn shall compleat The Years defign'd to perfect Britain's State, The fwift-wing'd Power shall take her Trump again, To fing Her Fav'rite Anna's wond'rous Reign; To recollect unweary'd Marlbro's Toils, Old Rufus' Hall unequal to his Spoils; The British Soldier from his High Command Glorious, and Gaul thrice Vanquish'd by his Hand: Let Her at least perform what I desire, With fecond Breath the Vocal Brass inspire; And tell the Nations in no Vulgar Strain, What Wars I manage, and what Wreaths I gain.

And when Thy Tumults and Thy Fights are past,
And when Thy Laurels at my Feet are cast;

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Faithful may'st Thou like British Henry prove, And Emma-like let me return Thy Love.

Renown'd for Truth let all Thy Sons appear; And constant Beauty shall reward their Care.

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Mars smil'd and bow'd; the Cyprian Deity
Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the Sky:
And Thou, She smiling said, Great God of Days
And Verse; behold my Deed; and sing my Praise.
As on the British Earth, my Fav'rite Isle,
Thy gentle Rays and kindest Instuence smile,
Thro' all her laughing Fields and verdant Groves,
Proclaim with Joy these memorable Loves.
From ev'ry annual Course let one great Day,
To celebrated Sports and Floral Play,
Be set aside; and, in the softest Lays
Of Thy Poetic Sons, be solemn Praise,
And everlasting Marks of Honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

Paper on Sera of Deadlants which the season of the season to the season to be the se Not Device his the report The Love Street Bank All the state of t Renow of the True Levil Try Some appears and And confinat Paper Hall super debair Condition but Warris Colland to a Charles Constructed the Construction of the Co We sharp as the san to assert a malial airis or Linial Charles for the formation of the first formation of the first And Year Legisland Low Local and Long Start Bell because the the product, we have the state of the second is a significant and the state of the specification and Through the state wildeline the call will be been the The first of the supply said to the angles of Wet of the supplier of the second feature of the second egal traffic at the bear to the set at Regulation and the American Prof. And several to be both sulfilles as but

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Humbly Inscrib'd to the

# QUEEN.

ONTHE

Glorious Success

OF

Her Majesty's Arms,

Written in Imitation of Spencer's Stile.

Te non paventis funera Galliæ, Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ: Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri Compositis venerantur armis.

Hor.

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### THE

# PREFACE.

THEN I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the Ideas so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of Poetry; I therefore set Horace before me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis Alitem, &c

which he Writ in Praise of Drusus after his Expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy Choice of that General: And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavour'd to Imitate all the great Strokes of that Ode, I have taken the Liherty to go off from it, and add variously, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd me: As to the Stile, the Choice I made of following the Ode in Latin, determin'd me in English to the Stanza; and herein

### The PREFACE.

it was impossible not to have a Mind to follow our great Countryman Spencer, which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the Manner of my Expression, and the Turn of my Numbers: Having only added one Verse to his Stanza, which I thought made the Number more Harmonious, and avoided such of his Words as I found too obsolete: I have however retain'd some few of them, to make the Colouring look more like Spencer's. Behest, Command; Band, Army; Prowess, Strength; I weet, I know; I ween, I think; whilom, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the Ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, tho' for once she appears in a Farthingal. I have also, in Spencer's Manner, used Cæsar for the Emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that Prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That Noble Part of the Ode I just now men-

tion'd,

Gens, qua cremato Fortis ab Ilio Jactata Tuscis aquoribus, &c\_\_\_\_

where Horace praises the Romans as being Descended from Aneas, I have turn'd to the Honour of the British Nation, descended from Brute, likewise

## The PREFACE.

likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, Fourth or Fifth from Aneas, Settled in England, and built London, which he call'd Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a Story which (I think) owes its Original to Geoffry of Monmouth, and the Monkish Writers; yet Our Great Cambden does not reject it, and Milton tells it, as if at least he was pleas'd with it, tho' possibly he does not believe it: It carries however a Poetical Authority, which is Sufficient for our Purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Aneas went into Italy; and upon the Supposition of these Facts Virgil writ the best Poem that the World ever read, and Spencer paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest Compliment.

I need not Obviate one piece of Criticism, that

I bring my Hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with Blood.

whereas he was not born, when that City was destroy'd. Virgil, in the Case of His own Aneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient Proof, that a Man in his Poetical Capacity is not accountable for a little Fault in Chronology.

My Two Great Examples, Horace and Spencer, in many Things resemble each other; Both

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## The PREFACE.

have a Height of Imagination, and a Majesty of Expression in Describing the Sublime; and both know to temper those Talents, and Sweeten the Description, so as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous: Both have equally that agreeable Manner of mixing Morality with their Story, and that Curiosa Fœlicitas in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and so very few have reach'd: Both are particularly Fine in their Images, and Knowing in their Numbers. Leaving therefore our Two Masters to the Consideration and Study of those who defign to Excel in Poetry, I only beg leave to add, (as to my own Part) That it is long fince I have, or at least ought to have, quitted Parnassus, and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country; tho' I thought my self indispensably oblig'd, upon the present Occasion, to take a little Journey into those Parts: Now if the Reader will be good enough to Pardon me this Excursion, I declare I will not trouble him again in this kind, 'till my Lord Duke of Marlborough gains another Victory, greater than those of Blenheim and Ramillies.

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# ODE,

Humbly Inscrib'd to the

# QUEEN.

I.

Hen Great Augustus govern'd Ancient Rome,
And sent his Legions forth to Foreign Wars;
Abroad when Dreaded, and belov'd at Home,
He saw his Fame encreasing with his Years;
Horace Great Bard, so Fate ordain'd, arose,
And Bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Prose,
And set their Battels in Eternal Light;
High as their Trumpets Tune his Lyre he strung,
And with his Prince's Arms he moraliz'd his Song.

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II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's State,
Widely distributing her high Commands;
And boldly Wise and fortunately Great,
Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands;
An Equal Genius was in Spencer found,
To the high Theme he match'd his Noble Lays;
He travell'd England o'er on Fairy Ground,
In Mystick Notes to Sing his Monarch's Praise:
Reciting wond'rous Truths in pleasing Dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's Head with Gloriana's Beams.

III.

But, Greatest Anna! while Thy Arms pursue
Paths of Renown, and climb Ascents of Fame,
Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew,
What Poet shall be found to Sing Thy Name?
What Numbers shall Record, What Tongue shall say
Thy Wars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main?
O Fairest Model of Imperial Sway!
What Equal Pen shall write Thy wond'rous Reign?
Who shall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearse,
Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verse?

IV, Me

#### IV.

Me all too mean for such a Task I weet;
Yet if the Sovereign Lady daign'd to Smile,
I'd follow Horace with impetuous Heat,
And cloath the Verse in Spencer's Native Stile.
By these Examples rightly taught to Sing,
And smit with Pleasure of my Country's Praise,
Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon Wing,
High as Olympus I my Flight would raise:
And latest Times should in my Numbers read
Anna's Immortal Fame, and Marlbrô's hardy Deed.

#### V.

As the Strong Eagle in the silent Wood,
Mindless of warlike Rage, and hostile Care,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or Crystal Flood,
'Till by Jove's high Behests call'd out to War,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Bosom with the vengeful Message glows:
Upward the Noble Bird directs his Wing,
And tow'ring round his Master's Earth-born Foes,
Swift he collects his satal Stock of Ire,
Lists his sierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire.
VI. Sedate

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VI.

Sedate and calm thus Victor Marlbro fate

Shaded with Laurels, in his Native Land,

'Till Anna calls him from his foft Retreat,

And gives Her Second Thunder to his Hand.

Then leaving fweet Repose, and gentle Ease,

With ardent Speed He seeks the distant Foe;

Marching o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,

He meditates, and strikes the wond'rous Blow:

Our Thought slies slower than Our General's Fame,

Grasps He the Bolt? we ask, when He has hurl'd the

[Flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious Plain
Did from afar the British Chief behold,
Betwixt Despair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
Something within his warring Bosom roll'd:
He views that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Ister's Shoar:
Too well, alas! the Man he knows, the same
Whose Prowess there repell'd the Boyan Pow'r;
And sent Them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
Swift as the Whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd Sands.
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#### VIII.

His former Losses he forgets to grieve,
Absolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To Balance the Account of Blenheim's Day.
So the fell Lion in the lonely Glade,
His Side still smarting with the Hunter's Spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
In sullen Fury traverses the Plain,
To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battel him again,

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#### IX.

Mifguided Prince, no longer urge thy Fate,

Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War;

Fam'd in Misfortune, and in Ruin Great,

Confess the Force of Marlbrô's stronger Star.

Those Laurel Groves (the Merits of thy Youth)

Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,

While bold Assertor of resistless Truth,

Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,

Must from thy Brow their falling Honours shed,

And their transplanted Wreaths must deck a worthier

Head.

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Yet cease the Ways of Providence to blame,
And Human Faults with Human Grief confess:
'Tis Thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same,
From thy ill Councils date thy ill Success:
Impartial Justice holds Her equal Scales,
'Till stronger Virtue does the Weight incline;
If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails;
He now Defends the Cause, that once was Thine.
Righteous the War, the Champion shall subdue;
For Jove's great Handmaid Power, must Jove's Decrees pursue.

XI.

Hark! the dire Trumpets found their shrill Alarms:

Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaws,

Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms,

His Glorious Sword with Dauntless Courage draws.

When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting Lord,

And all of William that was Mortal Dy'd,

The faithful Hero had receiv'd this Sword

From His expiring Master's much lov'd Side.

Oft from its fatal Ire has Louis flown,

Where-e'er Great William led, or Maese and Sambre run.

XII. But

#### XII.

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But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd Hour To Thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest Fear, The Master Sword, Disposer of thy Power; Tis that which Casar gave the British Peer: He took the Gist; Nor ever will I sheath This Steel, (so Anna's high Behests Ordain) The General said, unless by Glorious Death Absolv'd, 'till Conquest has confirm'd your Reign. Returns like these Our Mistres's bids us make, When from a Foreign Prince a Gist Her Britons take. XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her Foes,
Her Force augmented by the Boyan Bands:
So Volga's Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
Rolls with new Fury down thro' Russia's Lands.
Like two great Rocks against the raging Tide,
(If Virtue's Force with Nature's we compare)
Unmov'd the Two united Chiefs abide,
Sustain the Impulse, and receive the War:
Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempest beats,
And still the soamingWave with lessen'd Pow'rretreats.

XIV. The

#### XIV.

The Rage dispers'd, the Glorious Pair advance,
With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
To turn the War; and tell aggressing France,
How Britain's Sons and Britain's Friends can fight.
On Conquest fix'd, and covetous of Fame,
Behold 'em rushing thro' the Gallic Host:
Thro' standing Corn so runs the sudden Flame,
Or Eastern Winds along Sicilia's Coast.
They deal their Terrors to the adverse Nation,
Pale Death attends their Arms, and ghastly Desolation.

#### XV.

But while with fiercest Ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather Hopes than Fears Her Fate:
While Britain presses Her afflicted Foes:
What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great?
Whence look the Soldiers Cheeks dismay'd and pale?
Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The Hostile Troops, I ween, almost prevail,
And the Pursuers only not recede:
Alas! their lessen'd Rage proclaims their Grief;
For anxious, lo! they croud around their falling Chief.

XVI. I

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#### XVI.

I thank Thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar,

Let Boya's Trumpet grateful lo's found;

I faw Him fall, their Thunderbolt of War,—

Ever to Vengeance facred be the Ground—

Vain Wish! short Joy! the Hero mounts again

In greater Glory, and with fuller Light:

The Ev'ning Star so falls into the Main,

To rise at Morn more prevalently bright.

He rises safe; but near, too near his Side,

A good Man's grievous Loss, a faithful Servant dy'd.

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Propitious Mars! the Battel is regain'd,
The Foe with lessen'd Wrath disputes the Field,
The Briton fights, by fav'ring Gods sustain'd,
Freedom must live, and lawless Power must yield.
Vain now the Tales which fab'ling Poets tell,
That wav'ring Conquest still desires to rove;
In Marlbrô's Camp the Goddess knows to dwell:
Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love.
Again France slies, again the Duke pursues,
And on Ramillia's Plains He Blenheim's Fame renews.
XVIII. Great

#### XVIII.

Great Thanks, O Captain great in Arms! receive, From thy Triumphant Country's publick Voice: Thy Country greater Thanks can only give To Anne, to Her who made those Arms Her Choice. Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's Toils, We dreaded lest Thou should'st those Toils repeat: We view'd the Palace charg'd with Gallic Spoils, And in those Spoils we thought thy Praise compleat; For never Greek, we deem'd, nor Roman Knight, In Characters like these did e'er his Acts indite.'

#### XIX.

Yet mindless still of Ease Thy Virtue slies

A Pitch, to Old and Modern Times unknown:

Those goodly Deeds which We so highly prize
Impersect seem, great Chief, to Thee alone.

Those Heights where William's Virtue might have
And on the Subject World look'd safely down,

Still gaining more, still slighting what He gain'd,

Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone
remain'd.

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When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the Field Bavar was sled,
He wept the Swiftness of the Champion's Fall,
And thus the Royal Treaty-Breaker said.
And lives he yet, the Great, the Lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia, in the Name of Friend?
Tell me how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd Realm, or guard our shatter'd
Coast?

#### XXI.

Soon as the rising Eagle cuts the Air:
The shaggy Wolf unseen and trembling lyes,
When the hoarse Roar proclaims the Lion near.
Ill-starr'd did We our Forts and Lines forsake,
To dare our British Foes to open Fight:
Our Conquest We by Stratagem should make;
Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight:
'Tis Ours, by Crast and by Surprize to gain;
'Tis Theirs, to meet in Arms, and Battel in the Plain.

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XXII. The

### XXII.

The ancient Father of this Hostile Brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his Gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with Blood,
And fix'd on Silver Thames his dire Abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he said, the Seat
By Heav'n ordain'd, my Sons, your lasting Place:
Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
Whom neither Greece, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
Nor Great Peleides' Arm, nor Juno's Rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudor's hence and Stuart's Off-spring flow,
Hence Edward dreadful with his Sable Shield,
Talbot to Gallia's Pow'r Eternal Foe,
And Seymour sam'd in Council, or in Field;
Hence Nevill Great to Settle or Dethrone,
And Drake and Ca'ndish Terrors of the Sea;
Hence Butler's Sons, o'er Land and Ocean known,
Herbert's, and Churchill's Warring Progeny:
Hence the long Roll which Gallia should conceal,
For oh! Who vanquish'd loves the Victors Fame to tell?

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#### XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain Top she proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax; and sprouts against the Stroke;
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.
And as those Teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furnish'd fresh Supplies:
So with young Vigour, and succeeding Birth,
Her Losses more than recompene'd arise;
And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
For Letters more Polite, in Battels more Renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate Pow'r, whom Nothing can repel,
Not the sierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep Impression of the Norman Steel,
Nor Europe's Force amass'd by envious Spain,
Nor France on Universal Sway intent,
Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars:
Nor, (frequent Bane of weaken'd Government,)
Their own intestine Feuds, and mutual Jars:
Those Feuds and Jars in which I trusted more,
Than in my Troops, and Fleets, and all the Gallic Pow'r-

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#### XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's Gate,

What Tidings shall the Messenger convey?

Shall the loud Herauld our Success relate,

Or mitred Priest appoint the Solemn Day?

Alas! my Praises they no more must Sing,

And to my Statue they must Bow no more:

Broken, repuls'd, is their Immortal King,

Fall'n, fall'n, for ever, is the Gallic Pow'r—

The Woman Chief is Master of the War,

Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquish'd Heav'n by

[Pray'r.

#### XXVII.

Whilst thus the ruin'd Foe's Despair commends
Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious Queen,
What shall Thy Subjects say, and what Thy Friends?
How shall Thy Triumphs in our Joy be seen?
Oh! daign to let the Eldest of the Nine
Recite Britannia Great, and Gallia Free;
Oh! with her Sister Sculpture let her join,
To raise, Great Anne, the Monument to Thee:
To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring:
To Thee, our dearest Dread; to Thee, our softer King.
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#### XXVIII.

Let Europe sav'd the Column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where sembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
And full Atchievement of Thy great Designs.
In a calm Heav'n, and a serener Air,
Sublime, the Queen shall on the Summet stand,
From Danger far, as far remov'd from Fear,
And pointing down to Earth her dread Command.
All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Woe,
Shall sink beneath her Feet, and spread their Rage
[below-

XXIX.

There Fleets shall strive by Winds and Waters tost,
'Till the young Austrian on Iberia's Strand,
Great as Eneas on the Latian Coast,
Shall six his Foot: And this, be this the Land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The Empire's other Hope shall say) and here
Vanquish'd Intomb'd I'll lye, or Crown'd I'll Reign.—
O Virtue to thy British Mother dear!
Like the sam'd Trojan suffer and abide,
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his Guide:

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XXX.

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,

Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,

Their Force destroy'd, their Privileges sav'd,

Shall Anna's Terrors and Her Mercies own:

Spain, from th' Usurper Bourbon's Arms retriev'd,

Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,

Numb'ring the Wonders which that Youth atchiev'd,

Whom Anna clad in Arms, and sent to War:

Whom Anna fent to Claim Iberia's Throne;

And made him more than King, in calling him Her Son.

XXXI.

There Ister pleas'd, by Blenbeim's glorious Field Rolling, shall bid his Eastern Waves declare Germania sav'd by Britain's ample Shield;
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her Spear:
Shall bid them mention Marlbrô, on that Shore,
Leading his Islanders renown'd in Arms,
Thro' Climes, where never British Chief before
Or pitch'd his Camp, or sounded his Alarms:
Shall bid them bless the Queen, who made his Streams
Glorious as those of Boyn, and safe as those of Thames.

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#### XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with Fields, and crown'd with Tow'rs, With decent Joy shall her Deliv'rer meet; Shall own Thy Arms, Great Queen, and bless Thy Laying her Keys beneath thy Subject's Feet. Pow'rs, Flandria, by Plenty made the Home of War, Shall weep her Crime, and bow to Charles restor'd; With double Vows shall bless Thy happy Care, In having drawn, or having sheath'd the Sword. From These their Sister Provinces shall know How Anne supports a Friend, or how forgives a Foe. XXXIII.

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Bright Swords, and crefted Helms, and pointed Spears, In artful Piles around the Work shall lye;
And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
Blazon'd with Signs of Gallic Heraldry:
And Standards with distinguish'd Honours bright,
Marks of high Pow'r, and National Command,
Which Valois' Sons, and Bourbon's bore in Fight,
Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's Hand:
Great Spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
From Cressy's Battel sav'd, to grace Ramillia's Field.

U 4

XXXIV. And

#### XXXIV.

And as fine Art the Spaces may dispose,
The knowing Thought and curious Eye should see
Thy Emblem, Gracious Queen, the British Rose,
Type of sweet Rule, and gentle Majesty:
The Northern Thistle, whom no Hostile Hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's Harp, Device of her Command,
And Parent of her Mirth, should there be seen:
Thy vanquish'd Lillies, France, decay'd and torn
Should, with disorder'd Pomp, the lasting Work adorn.

#### XXXV.

Beneath, Great Queen, Oh! very far beneath,
Near to the Ground, and on the humble Base,
To save her self from Darkness, and from Death,
That Muse desires the last, the lowest Place,
Who, tho unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling String,
For the sair Fame of Anne and Albion's Land,
Who durst of War and Martial Fury Sing;
And when Thy Will, and when Thy Marlbra's Hand,
Had quell'd those Wars, and bid that Fury cease,
Hung up her grateful Harp, to Everlasting Peace.

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### CARMEN SECULARE,

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# CARMEN SECULARE,

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Danger, de curaque for per en augulo contrapente

---- Ego Dis amicum, Seculo festas referente Luces, Reddidi Carmen -

Outside to the service test Nomine as there

ANE Bifrons, priscos à tergo respice lapsi J Annales ævi, felicesque ordine longo Evolvas Fastos, quos cætera tempora supra Conspicuos Albo, sec'lis Monumenta futuris Urbes fundatæ, & parti posuêre Triumphi. Aggredere infignes spoliis, lauroque decoros Enumerare Duces, quos nobilis irá gementem Impulit ulcifci populum; qui facra cruore

Jura Patrum sanxère suo; sceptrisve potiti Miserunt lætum placidis sub legibus Orbem.

Agmine perpetuo series ornata Laborum

Procedat, suus omnis Honos, sua debita quemque
Laus inscripta notet: tum Nostra ad Tempora casus
Insignes ducas, Famamque & Fata Parentum
Mirac'lis oppone Novis, Regique Britanno.

Dumque side, curâque pari per singula curris,
Dum varios recolis populos, variosque labores,
Et studia, & leges, pugnataque prælia seris
Temporibus mandas; tute ipse satebere, Jane,
Omnium in Auriaco cumulari Nomine samam:
Et dices Orbi attonito; nil Sæcula Tale
Prima tulere Hominum, nil Majus postera reddent.

Vertice sublimi surgat, tua maxima cura,
Bello & Pace potens Latium: Fortissima corda,
Egregios rerum Dominos dabat Itala tellus,
Felix prole virûm; secundam hanc aspice gentem,
Romanosque tuos; huc vertere, & altius omnem

Evolvas Follots, quos carora rempora Turbra

Nascentis prima repetens ab Origine Regni
Expedias famam; pulchro in certamine Pubem
Oppone Ausoniam, & cedat sua Palma merenti.

Si potuit ferro Latii turbare Colonos Palantes Mavorte satus, si rustica latè Regna domare armis; raptæ fine more Sabinæ Surgenti famæ, cæptifque ingentibus obstant. Sacra Deûm, fanctafque Aras & Templa tueri Cura Numam subiit; sed frigida dextera bello, Non hastam torquere sciens, ensemque rotare Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementûm. Confiliis, esto, Fabii Romana vigebant Arma: at res omnes gelide tardéque ministrans, Dilator nimium Sapiens ingrata trahebat Bella. Quid immani Patrem pietate cruentum Ultorem Brutum referam? fortesque sub armis Æmilium, Decium, Curium? tot Magna Animorum Nos Exempla monent, quâ possit lege Libido Frænari, & quantum cedat Virtutibus Aurum: Hos quoque fed nimium gaudens popularibus auris, Hos rapit Ambitio, tumidoque Superbia fastu Often.

### 302 Poems on several Occasions.

Ostentans humilesque casas, parvosque Penates.

Sit quanquam Illustris, primos Inglorius annos

Scipiades egit; nec mens invicta Catonis

Semper erat, tunc sassa metum, vel visa sateri,

Cum cessit Fato, & lucem indignata resugit.

Julius Externos frustrà domat, omnia Roma

Subjiciens, Romamque sibi, Surgitque triumphans

Afflictos Cives super, oppressumque Senatum.

Imperium lene Augustus, Patriamque subactam

Mollia vinc'la pati justit; sed vincula passa est,

Purpureum cultu insolito venerata Tyrannum.

Fas Veterum laudes justis celebrare Triumphis;
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre sub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magna sese impete versat
Vivida vis animi, Patrii ceu Tybridis unda,
Cui nunc lene suens rigat agros dulcis aquæ sons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit se turbidus Amnis,
Et limo castas obsceno polluit Undas:
Diis quanquam geniti, atque invicti viribus essent,
Mortalem insecto sassi sunta sunta suenta su

Ademie undissa Leabhand sopharbant aimshe

Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus ætas

Degenerare ausa est; rumpit vinc'la omnia Miles

Acer, acerba fremens, Majestatemque verendam

Estrænis violat rabies; jam Segnior annis

Desicit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma;

Heu! Vix agnosces veteris Vestigia Formæ:

Donec gens Divûm, nati venientibus annis,

Heroüm novus ordo datur, nova Lumina Surgunt,

Hesperioque Dies melior procedit Olympo.

Aspice ut insignis Spoliis Pharamondus opimis
Ingreditur; magnusque Aquilis qui Lilia junxit
Carolus; inde alii, quos Gallica terra Triumphis
Dives alit, genus acre virûm, spectataque bello
Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet Imago;
Sanguineæ en Lauri, victriciaque arma Wilhelmi
Normanni: Viden' externis quanta intonet oris
Teudorum manus armipotens, & Nomina magna,
Plantagenûm metuenda Domus? quid plurima Virtus
Amborum potuit, te victrix Anglia testor
Quam labor Heroum imperio Maria omnia circum
Asseruit,

Afferuit, fundanfque Armis & Legibus ornans: Felix, si nunquam regnandi dira cupido Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis Egisset, Patriæque in viscera vertere vires: Illa afflicta fedet, variis incerta Triumphis Cui det colla Jugo, quem sit passura Tyrannum.

Quo Desideri soboles, quo Casar Adolphus, Nassoviique alii rapiunt, celeberrima Proles? Omnes Illustres, omnes in utrumque parati, Aut Patriam tutari, aut certæ occumbere morti. Hos juxta Auriacus pleno fluit agmine sanguis, Immortale genus: Primusque en Martius auctor Corniger; inde Heros qui bello a corpore nomen Obtinuit, nosco crines, frontemque venustum Francigenæ juvenis; Domus hinc Chalonia mixta est Nassoviis, sedesque novas Rhenumque bicornem Inde petit, linquens Rhodanum, ripamque Sonantem.

Heu! Vos amofoss veteria Veftigia E

Jamque Stuardiadum Series longissima Regum Emicat. Illa diu magna ditione tenebat Effrænem Populum, & duris Regna horrida glebis; Dones Do Sco

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Donec Fata Deûm, & lustris labentibus Ætas Scotorum manibus transcribi Sceptra jubebant Anglica; seceruntq; omnes uno ore Britannos.

Atq; hic, Magne Deus, cum res scrutabere nostras, Sis bonus O; passimque oculos per cuncta serenti Si quid sorte tibi occurrat de Gente Stuartum Inselix; (utcunque serent ea fata Minores)
Pro Patria, obtestor, pro Majestate Britanni Imperii, nihil Ingratum, nihil Acre dolores
Obductos vulgare Sinas: Preme, Jane, tenebris,
Quæ laudare nequis; Teque ad Meliora reserves.
Utq; erit ad \* NOMEN ventum, quod slebile semper Semper honoratum (Sic Di voluistis) habemus,
Supprime singultus, submissa & voce dolores
Hos compesce, Tuo ne docta Britannia Luctu
Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; stilletque cruore recenti
Æternùm crudele patens sub Pectore vulnus.

Quò jam Raptus abis? Nassovi Jane labores
Aggredere ô magnos, atq; amplum claude Volumen.

En! Infans Victor, nutu dum temperat iras Turbati populi: jacet en *Tirynthius* alter, Ardentesq; hostes, & sibila colla tumentes Sternit, & in Cunis infans se vindicat Heros.

En! quantis tollit se rebus sirmior Ætas?

Quales Primitiæ Juvenis, bellique serocis

Dura Rudimenta, & primis nova Gloria in Armis?

Sublimis Marte adverso, Mitisque secundo,

Eventus omnes, & ineluctabile Fatum

Subjecit pedibus: Non Mens elata Triumphis,

Non depressa Malis; sed in omnia Pectus Honestum

Fertur idem, Fatis contraria Fata rependens.

Dum Curas hominum, dum spes contemnit inanes,

Forturæq; Vices cæcas; quocunq; cadat res,

Hoc animo sixum sedet, æternúmque sedebit,

"Parcere subjectis & debellare Superbos.

En! totum Heroem, Maturum, & Sceptra tenentem
Contemplare Virum: en! ut justâ sulminet irâ
Terrarum egregius vindex; placidusq; Volentes
Per Populos det jura, insesso & leniat Hosti
Pectora

Pectora flexanimus Victor; mitisque jacentûm

Dat vitam lachrymis! quo Pectora sida suorum

Amplecti studio properat? quam totus in Illis!

Quàm curas Pater indulgens descendit in omnes!

Nec Regem pudet Officio certare Priorem.

Hâc arte, ô Bellis ingens, ingentior almâ

Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis

Assueta imperiis; longos hâc arte Triumphos

Maxime Victor agis, cum Teq; animosq; tuorum,

Pacatumque regas æquis Virtutibus Orbem.

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Per varias Vitæque Vices, Operumque Colores
Idem cautus Honos, metuens & Gratia culpæ,
Puraque simplicitas, totà descripta Tabellà
Esfulget, Constansq; sibi servatur ad imum.
Victoris castra ingrederis? Certamina nulla
Cum Victis, belli nulla horrida signa cruenti
Apparent insixa agris: Non Militis ardor
Turbavit Pectus; nec Purpura picta superbos
Induxit Regum sastus; sed sama peric'lo
Explorata, velut sulvum fornacibus aurum,

X 2

Emicat

Emicat innocuo: frustrà Volcania pestis
Circum immanè fremit, Contemptorique minatur
Flamma suo: cæco contra dominata surori
Ardens spectatur Virtus, Pondusque Nitoremque
Illæsum servans, & Amico vivit in Igne.

Unum, Jane, oro (quando nos nostraque morti
Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la Wilhelmi
Exuperare, virûmq; sinas volitare per ora.
Ut nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis
Virtutem ex Illo moniti, verumque Laborem
Cognoscant, & Sancta procul Vestigia adorent.
Exoriare aliquis, Regis qui gesta Britanni
Fataq; Fortunasq; docens, Moresq; Manusq;
(Argumentum ingens) vivis committere chartis
Ausis, & serum producere Nomen in avum:
Cum Statuæ, multo cum victum tempore Marmor,
Araque labentur; cum bello Sævior omni,
Invidiosa Dies Famæ monumenta Britanna
Delebit; tardis cum Sabis slexibus ibit

Per terras mutata novas; ferique Nepotes Quærent, quâ stabant immania Saxa Namurcæ.

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En Urbem, dicent, quæ quondam condidit Affris Ambitiosa Caput, toties quæ pertulit omnem Irrisi Nubem belli: sed non ita sensit Armatos Britonas; non irrita tela Wilhelmi Experta est; vastis dum Victor Turribus instans, Cum Populo, & Signis victricibus, & magnis Dîs, Fundamenta quatit: Mortaliaque Agmina frustrà Contra Nassovium atque Jovem, contraque Minervam Tela tenent: medio discrimine cædis & ignis, Ceu Perseus per aperta volans, Ipse arduus Arces Oppositas Scandit; frustràque objecta retardant Flumina, slammarumque globi, Scopulique minaces: En! tandem Summis insultans Arcibus Heros; Et noti juxtà, fulgentia Signa, Leones.

Et jam finis erat, cum Victor vertice ab alto Despexit Gallum attonitum, & tum libera vinc'lo Littoraque, & latos populos; Pacemque filenti Indulsit felicem Orbi: longè audiit æther,

er

X 3

Et terræ, & fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undia

Mosa, serusq; suas Rhenus compescuit iras.

Continuò leges æternaq; sædera certis

Imposuit Manus æqua locis; quam singula Metam,

Et quem quæq; serat dominum, quem quæq; recuset,

Gens, semel edixit; Mirantemque admonet Orbem,

Quantus Amor populi, quanta & Reverentia mitem

Prosequitur Regem; Comes indivisus amico

Adstat Honos lateri: supra caput explicat alas

Libertas sirmata novas; Pulchræque Sorores

Et Virtus & Fama, pari discrimine certant,

Utrum Ornare magis Regemne, Virumne deceret.

Quid Loquor? aut ubi fum? quis me per opaca Ire furor fuadet? quos Musa affurgit in Ausus? Dum Vatis Furias Thebani concipit (Ignes O si conciperet similes!) Te Jane relinquit, Teque, Arasque tuas, ut Cœlum & sidera tentet; Demens, quæ nimbos & non imitabile sulmen Pindaricum simulare ausa est. Da, Jane, surenti, Da veniam Musa, sua quam rapit ampla volantem Materia, & tollit volvens sub naribus ignem

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Id

Pegasus ardua in astra, neque audit anhelus habenas.
Cum latos campos, immensumque aspicit æquor,
Expatiatur Equus; vix hæret Musa frementi,
Nec scit, quà sit iter; nec si sciat, Imperet illi.
Saxa per, & scopulos, & depressas convalles
Insequitur Regem; Tellusque sub unque tonanti
Icta gemit; reboant Sylvæque, & magnus Olympus.

Nunc casus Musa antiquos, annosque reducit Præteritos, Patriisque Virum meditatur in arvis; Hic Britonum motus curâ, lachrymisg; suorum Confilium vultu tegit, & fecum ante peractum Belli & Regnorum volvit sub Pectore fatum. Et mox armatas Hyberno sydere classes Molitur; contraque iras Cælique, Marisque, Impavidus grande urget iter: tum fanguine multo Tutandas Anglorum Arces, oblataque Regna Occupat; amisso sluitantem errare Magistro Sensit, & ipse Ratem turbatis rexit in undis. Jamque alias hinc in Lacrymas, alia horrida Bella, Per desolatæ Regna infelicia Iernes Diva Virum sequitur, Fluctusque irrumpit in altos Bovinda X 4

Bovinda Bello undantis; tum Naidas ad se Impatiens trepidas vocat, hortaturque Sorores Maturare sugam, quantusque emerserat Heros, Oceano narrare Patri: vanum Ille timorem Ridet; eamque Manum victis agnoscit in undis Imperio dignam Pelagi, savoque Tridente.

Hinc pleno Britonum Victor subit ostia velo
Stans celsà in puppi; Pueri, innuptæque Puellæ,
Effusique Patres, resonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt Reduci: Sed reppulit Ille molestum
Officium; poscitque Animos, Laudesque recusat.
Mox charos iterum Belgas, sedesque suorum,
Et Patriam, & toties raptos ex hoste Penates
Hospes adit; varii populi, diversaque Signa,
Externique Duces omnes socia Arma ferentes
Communem celebrare Ducem; quàm tardus ad Iram,
Quàm placidus Victor, sortunatusque laborum
Securus Palmæ, dum prædam rejicit Heros,

Nunc versæ Scenæ discedunt; altera rerum Nunc surgit sacies; alia sub Luce videri

Heros

Heros grandis amat; Successiuque Altior ipso Innumeris Belli Spoliis, partisque Trophæis Pacem lætus emit: Jam Virgo reddita terras Pacatas visit; jamque aurea Tempora circum Felices secura quatit Concordia pennas,

Mox ad Danubium, raucæque Propontidis undam, Eoasque plagas, alis audacibus ardens

Musa volat; lethi quà jam discrimine parvo

Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubre minantes:

Hi motus animorum, iræ, infandique paratus,

Compressa belli rabie, suspensa tenentur;

Donec consilia ingentis spectata Wilhelmi

Ostendant, Pacemne colant, an in arma serantur?

Quæ regio in terris, ubi Regis sædera Sancta,

Aut Leges placidæ ignotæ? Quæ Regna per Orbem

(Qualemcunq, Fidem, Dominum quemcunq; fatentur)

Communem Auriaco dubitent submittere Causam?

3

Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, montesque nivales Urget Diva viam; quà Moscoviticus altum Fulminat ad Tanaim Casar; nutuque tremendo

Jura

Tura quaterdenis Juvenis dat gentibus unus: Hic tamen, Hic Casar perculsus Nomine Regis Majoris, non Legatis, neque dulce Ministris Officium impatiens cessit; Se, Se Ipse, suumque Objecit Caput, infidi Maris omnia vincens Tædia, dimidiumq; Orbis post Terga relinquens, Tangeret ut Sanctam, per quam stetit Anglia, dextram. Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnúmque fluentem Cernere erat Volgam; multa cui spumeus unda, Saxofúmque fonans, obstantia pondera torrens Aut fecum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit. Sed Nostrum, sed Musa suum tibi, Tame, tuisque Rivis assimilat Regem: Non Amnis abundans. Sed plenus per opima virûm Fortem absque Furore Fundit aquam, tardoque procul Languore Serenam: Quoscunque ô Britonum lambis pulcherrimus agros, Omnia ibi ridere facis; Tibi candida Nais Purpureas inter violas, & fuave rubentes Vota facit resoluta rosas; Te lentus in umbra Labentem expectat Pastor; Te mollia Prata, Te sitiunt croceis halantes floribus Horti.

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Quo feror? unde abii? tuque audaeissima Musa Quo peritura ruis? Si formidabile littus. Si Lycios temnas faltus, fataliaque arva, Bellerophontæi quæ signavere furores, I, sequere insidos ventos, nova Nomina lapsu Subjectis positura undis: Ea surda monenti Ardet in Astra magis; perque inconcessa Diei Luxurians Spatia æterni, petit intima Divûm Sacra, Jovem, similemq; Jovis, dictura Wilhelmum: Indefessa Illi maturos poscit Honores ; Illi ut Olympiacæ referantur præmia palmæ, Quam Velox Theron, quam vastis viribus ingens Sperabat nunquam Chromius: Musam Illius ergo Per nitidos orbes Lucis, camposque patentes Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare Priorum Curæ iter ignotum: fed inextricabilis error, Et cæcæ ambages, quas una refolvere Virtus Nassovii novit, securam, & vana tumentem Exuperant longè Divam; jamque æthere toto Præcipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis instar Fertur, & horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.

O Cæptum Sublime! infelix exitus ausi
Nobilis! o Musa, & Vires pro Nomine tanto
Exiguæ! sed sic potius cecidisse juvabit
Audentem, quam venå humili inferiora secutam
Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.

Inantem. Nunc ad Te, & Tua Sacra, Pater, turbamque So-(Matres atque Viros) quæ circum plurima clausas Fusa fores, Pacem Britonum, Vitamque Wilhelmi Ardens implorat, nunc Ambitiofa vagantes Musa modos revocet: Tuque ô quâ sæcula fronte Jane vides ventura, Rheæ genetricis in alvum Descendas, partus ubi semina prima futuri, Et teneræ Species, simulachraque carcere clauso Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta Mox durare jubes & Rerum fumere formas. Tum tua vox, divine Autor, tua cæca relaxat Spiramenta manus; justis emissa Figuris Dùm vestit Junctura decens & amabilis Ordo. Sed nimium brevis hora fugam meditata perennem Transit: & æternam repetunt nascentia noctem.

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Arona bis Para Cours Aid

Non de Navali furgentes ære Triumphi, Captivi Currus, ereptaque ab hoste Trophæa; Non Civilis honos Quercûs, non umbra coronæ Muralis, Laurique novum decus addere Regi Angliaco possunt; satis Illum conscia Virtus Gestaque sublimem tollunt: ad sydera raptim Vi propriâ nituntur, opisq; haud indiga nostræ. Nunc ergò, ut Populus felix cum Rege potenti Fortunis paribus furgat; compagibus arctis Claudantur Belli portæ: Et jam, Mystice Custos, Mitior O jam, Dive, precor, melioribus orbis Auspiciis, aliosque dies, aliumque tenorem Tandem habeat, jubeas: hic ferrea definat ætas (Magna, efto, fed Ferrea erat) fassusque Metallum Pulchrius, annorum se gratior explicet Ordo. Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit Agreftes; At fecura Quies, at mollis Somnus, Amores Jucundi, fuavesque Joci cum dulcibus Horis Perpetuum ducant orbem: Hoc à cardine rerum Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menses;

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### 318 Poems on several Occasions.

Atque his flava Ceres, his formolissima Flora Aspiret; surgatque novo Gens aurea sec'lo.

Immunis belli, dextræque innixa Wilhelmi
Terra Britanna sui, sedeat, spectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, & Lachrymas, quarum pars nulla sutura est,
Externas; iræque hominum miseretur inanis.
Illa inter motas fatum immutabile Gentes
Dispenset, vincantque illæ quas vincere mavult.
Sic noto celsos tuti sub Matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: Sic vallibus imis,
Irriguos amnes inter, seges aurea in altum
Surget; & ipsa sua mirabitur Anglia messes:
Delicias Diva æternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet, & Ambrosios spirabit vertice odores.

Aulaï Antiquæ cæcis exorta ruinis

(Quà Turres albas, veterum penetralia Regum

Wolsei fabricata manu, Henricique Labores,

Cernere erat,) juvenile caput Phœnicis ad instar

Regia sublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,

Auspiciis, & quæ suerit minus obvia slammis.

Alta, Augusta, ingens, Dominoq; simillima magno, Pandat se veneranda Domus: Captiva Columnæ Arma serant Sacræ, belli monumenta cruenti, Spiculaq; clypeosq, atq; horrida Sanguine signa: Stabunt & Parii lapides; mediusque Wilhelmus En spirans; humerusque recens à vulnere vivis Rorabit guttis; metuens pro vindice mundi A tergo apparet Genius, capitique minacem Avertit mortem; jacet illa innoxia, inermis, (Nam sic consuluit Jovis Indulgentia terris) Intrepidi ante pedes Herois: Tu quoque magnam Partem opere in tanto, viridi Bovinda reclinans Lecto habeas; imo Senior de gurgite visus Lauriserum quassare Caput: Saxum evomit undas, Æternique cadunt cæso de marmore Rivi.

Tuque O, quæ Famæ servas monumenta Britannæ, Regis opus, Regumque decus, cape dona tuorum Inclyta Winsoriæ turris. Tu Stelliser æther Signa geris, quibus Ipse suum & delecta suorum Pectora distinguit divisque accedere jussit Nassovius, proprioque Pater decoravit honore.

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Tu

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Tu circum Ormondi robustum mystica nectens
Vinc'la genu, potuisti Equitem socium addere Regi:
Redditus his Victor terris, Spoliisque potitus,
Suppliciter venerans Divi sub militis Aram
Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta Parentum,
Botleros inter, victriciaque arma Bohuni
Ipse suum Clypeum, suaq; æmula signa superbis
Postibus aptavit, tanti non immemor Hæres
Nominis, aut Proavûm dubitans extendere samam;
Utcunque Illa novi secum grave pondus honoris
Attulit Ossoridæ mater Nassovia Genti.

Sacvilli Tu, Diva, latus, Tu lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi
Conjurant Artes; labor unus & una voluptas,
Tollere depressos, & sustentare jacentes,
Hos brevis informet fragiles dum Spiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam nostris Sacvillus abibit
Carminibus, nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis; Munus quia maximus Ille
Confert, collatique olim meminisse recusat.

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Firecess deciles, the make Laberton

Jura fidemque Patrum, libertatemque Cavendos

Asserere audentes, tuus amplo vestit honore

Diva, favor: Stabit longum fortuna per ævum

Alta Domûs, patrioque nitebunt sidere nati.

Per Te Sanctmauri, per Te Talbotia proles,
Felices Ambo, vestigia magna parentum
Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile, dum tu
Servas, Nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima Musa,
O Decus, O Nostrum, cui pulcro in corpore Virtus
Emicat, & sincera Fides, & Gratia morum,
Has Jersae, (preces valeant si vatis amici,
Si Deus hoc Carmen Deus hoc inspiret Apollo,)
Has tanges aras, hic cingula sacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia samæ
Villeriis sueta & tibi non indebita sumes.

Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit

Heroa Angliacum; mirantem Annalibus orbem

Exornare suis; serosque docere Nepotes

Imperii Arcana, & magna exemplaria Belli.

Hinc.

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Hinc, ut Virtutem dociles, verumque Laborem
Cognoscant, Laudisque animi accendantur amore,
Regis ad exemplum portis se Prima Juventus
Essundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Per saltus, gelidumque Nemus, præruptaque saxa,
Nunc Cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, qua sictum Buccina signum
Bellica dat, grave Martis opus, sub imagine lusus,
Paulatim ex tanto assuescat tolerare Magistro:
Et nunc altus Eques spatiis magna atria circum
Curvatis sertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris Equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora, & medio servens in pulvere, strictum
Aut ensem quatit, aut certam jacit impiger hassam.

Pacis amans, studiisque favens, socia agmina jungant Sancta Corona senum, exemplis monitura minores, Qui Virtutis honos, & quid sapientia possit.

Hos rerum juvet obscuros penetrare recessus, Et varias causas, Naturæ arcana modestæ, Indiciis aperire novis, clarisque repertis.

Illos degeneri audentes succurrere sec'lo,

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Cura gravis maneat Morum; & labor Hercule dignus
Exonerare repletum immunda forde Theatrum.

Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba
Ad leges fixas revocent, Veneresque decoras;

Ut latè Angliacis instructa Annalibus orbis

Gaudeat, & nostram resonet gens Singula linguam,

Vindicis ante pedes quæcunque effusa Britanni

Miserat aut oppressa Preces, aut libera Grates.

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Neglectum in primis Carmen, Musamque jacentem Tollat amica manus; nam respondere labori Musa pio novit, Regisque rependere Amores.

Illa Patrum cineres sanctos, venerandaque Busta Vulgari secernit humo; samamque silenti Vindicat a tumulo: per Musam notus Ulysses

Spirat adhuc; coramque Virum jam cernere sas est: Musa Agamemnonias palmas, semperque recentes Conservare datur Lauros; Eadem Illa Wilhelmi, Cum statuæ, solidoque Arcus de marmore sicti Desicient, longo Nomen sacrum assere ævo.

Haud verò par officium, partesque premamus Ingrati alternas; cum nil sine Casare pulchrum,

Y 2

Nil

Nil altum Musæ labor inchoat: altera junctam
Alterius sic poscit opem, & conjurat amicè.

Igneus hinc numeris Vigor, & cælestis Origo;
Hinc estulgentes æterna luce Camana,
Informi cedente situ, tenebrisque sugatis,
Invida squallentis vincent oblivia noctis.

Visitions auto pedes o accurique e

Securos Britonum Commercia libera portus

Omni ex parte petent; totum demissa per orbem

Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori & vellere dives

Annua dona seret, Spoliisque redibit onusta,

Indiam in Europam portans, gazamque nitentem,

Quæ diffusa jacet, quà Sol utrumque recurrens

Aspicit Oceanum. Quascunque Britanica Pinus

Ingreditur sublimis aquas, submittat Honores

Navita quisque suos; puppesque Insigne superbum

Inclinent, sassa, quem Tethys omnibus undis

Elegit, Dominum; quem vasto Immobile Fatum

Destinat Imperio, Terraque Marique potentem.

Audivere preces Divi; jamque Anglica classis, Quà dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi

and and on our men about

Cur-

Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora visens, Ignotumque suis mittens sub legibus orbem.

Alter tum Ganges, atque altera, quæ seret aurum, India Nassovio cedet; populique seroces

Arma, Artes, Moresque scient nomenque Wilhelmi.

Prefentein contolis Dounts Com figur d'oris

Suppliciter venerans, demisso lumine stabit Agmen agreste Virûm; miramque loquentis ab ore Historiam eripiens, nunc Famam & Fata Wilhelmi, Vulnera, Sudorem, Palmafque, Peric'laque difcet, Quæ quibus anteferat, dubitans; nunc quantus in armis, Qualis in Hoste fuit, quos Bello & Pace Triumphos Erexit: Matres, ut coelo decidit Heros, Tum natis referent; & vox, quam proferet Infans, Prima, Wilhelmus erit: tenebris inhonesta Tyranni Indecores Capita abfcondent, tum dira fuorum Supplicia, indignos gemitus, justasque querelas Ferre indignantes; cum conscia fama, pudorque Provocat ad meliora Animos; cum Bella Wilhelmi, Bella quaterdenos læsis pro gentibus Annos Confecta Audierint, tandemque silentibus armis, (Majus opus,) partos felici Pace triumphos.

r-

Curret her, Bova regent petents, Bova Herera villend

Non dehinc hos miseros Mysteria dira docebit

Barbara Relligio; nulla horrida Numina singet

Vana Superstitio, Divûmque immania Monstra;

Nassovii Virtus cùm se mirantibus offert,

Præsentem confessa Deum; Cum signa decoris

Divini, Æternæque patent vestigia Mentis

Herois descripta Animis, & vindice Dextrâ.

Hilforday supports, notice hanger & feet Wilselmin

Incertam lucem quatiunt; & Crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubre rubent, tristesque trementi
Indicunt iras orbi; nisi publica vota
Avertant lævum miseris Mortalibus Omen.
At vero justis mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera Jovis proles, Cælo purissimus Ignis,
Non errore vago, cæcaque libidine sertur:
Certus iter sixum peragit; cursusque Diurnos
Observant homines, & sanctum Sydus adorant.

O Jane, O Divûm si flectere Fata liceret, Si Parcæ Anglorum precibus mitescere Scirent, A

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Sol iste ante suum cessaret currere Coelum Quam Rex Nassovius terræ se subtrahet orbæ Addendus Superis: fed inexorabile Numen Omne premit mortale: aderit, volventibus Annis. Dira futura Dies, & ineluctabile tempus; Cum pars Semidei mæsto Materna Sepulchro Condetur, Dominusque suis plorabitur Absens. At Vos, O Divi, si quid pia vota valebunt, Vos precor Æterni, quorum hæc fub numine Tellus, Tuque, O Sancte, tuis, Bifrons, Cœlestia firma Pectora confiliis, Sociique per Æthera Divi Dic, in amicitiam coeant, Tecumque Britannam Conjurent servare Domum: Communibus omnium Orati precibus, magno procul Omine triftem Di removete Diem, multosque benigniùs Annos Accumulate facro Capiti: da Jane senectam Immunem Curis, placidaque quiete potitam: Sat Bello, Europæq; datum est; satis arma Juventus Sensit, & ingentes testatur terra Triumphos: Canitiem novus ornet Honos; dum tempora circum Victrices inter Lauros affurgat Oliva.